



THE GUIDING BOOK

"IPISE?~WHITHER?"

Sullivan. 315.

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THIS BOOK IS SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT
OF THE GIRL GUIDES ASSOCIATION AND
FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE MOVEMENT
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

The Guiding Book



From the *Painting by*
ESTELLA CANZIANI.

"AS AN ARMY WITH BANNERS."

(See page 34.)

The Guiding Book

2. LAURELS OF THE VIRTUES WHO KEEP WATCH.

... of the nations."

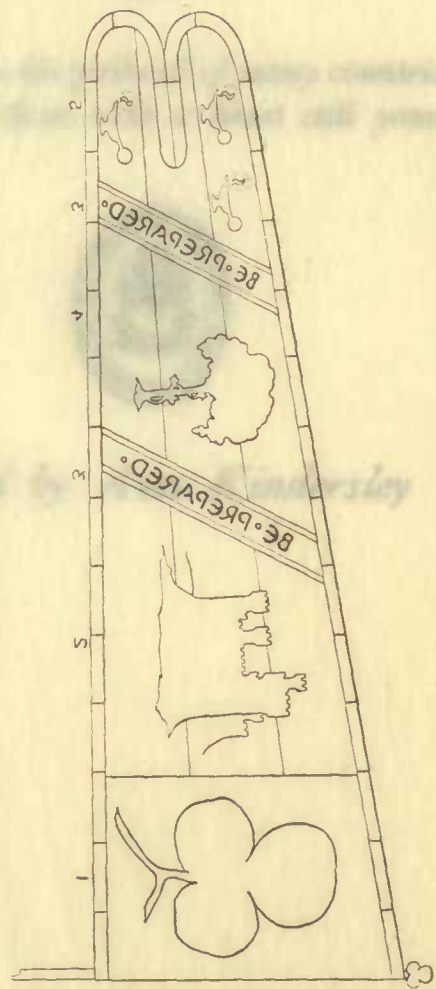
3. MOTTO OF THE GIRL GUIDES.

"... we will run about in a haze of silver."

3. PAGE OF ESTABLISHED INNOCENCE. (Song of Solomon, viii. 3: "It shall be

GOAL, SERVICE, AND OBEDIENCE."

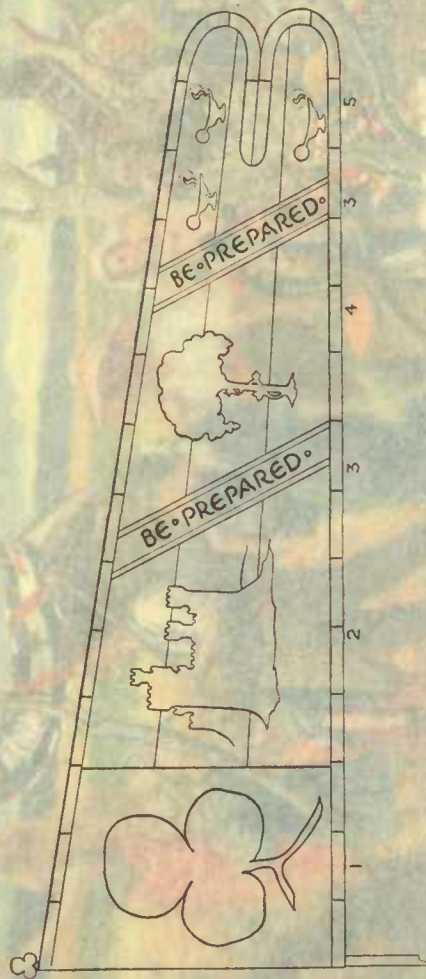
1. BADGE OF THE GIRL GUIDES, SYMBOLISING THEIR THREE-FOLD PROMISE OF



KEY TO THE SYMBOLIC STANDARD OF GIRLHOOD.

Ward and Stoughton
London

KEY TO THE SYMBOLIC STANDARD OF GIRLHOOD.



1. BADGE OF THE GIRL GUIDES, SYMBOLISING THEIR THREE-FOLD PROMISE OF LOYALTY, SERVICE, AND OBEDIENCE.

2. PALACE OF ESTABLISHED INNOCENCE. (*Song of Solomon*, viii. 9 : "If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver.")

3. MOTTO OF THE GIRL GUIDES.

4. TREE OF LIFE. (*Rev. xxi. 2* : "and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.")

5. LAMPS OF THE VIRGINS WHO KEEP WATCH.

The Guiding Book

*Dedicated to the girlhood of many countries
and to all those with a heart still young*



Edited by Ann Kindersley

*Hodder and Stoughton
Limited London*

Foreword

THE word "IPISE" on the cover of this book is to be translated by the question "Whither?" and through all the pages that will follow, we shall try and show something of the traditions and the aims, the examples of great men and women, and the ideals of service and loyalty that have found expression in the Guide spirit and law.

These ideals, hitherto, have not always been very clearly defined nor rightly understood, and since it is out of such things—out of the ancient chivalry and virtues, allied to the new courage, the new understanding, and, above all, the new and greater knowledge—that the ideal of service for home and state in every country is to be reached, we must create a tradition of them to form the background of our daily lives.

We would have more—that intangible spirit possessed by nearly all young Englishmen, the spirit that inspired Julian Grenfell to write of Spring in the midst of battle, that enabled another young soldier poet to sing of "Green Gardens in Laventie" at a time when he might well have been occupied with more unlovely thoughts. . . . A complete detachment from the horrors about them, and, at the same time, a realization of beauty in all things. . . . An instinctive reliance on changeless events, like seed-time and harvest, in a changing world, which springs fundamentally from belief in the Creator, and to which is added a certain fount of humour, never failing, because it springs from the same source. . . .

It is these things, then, that poets have always sung and writers celebrated, and it is to them once more that we have looked, and not looked in vain, to help with this true explanation of Guiding. Thanks to them, we have been able to portray these ideals,

coupled with the ideals and the characteristics of the nations which they represent, as the embodiment of all that is best in girlhood, and although, in many of the contributions, the words "Guiding" and "Guides" do not appear, the visions are there, and for those who have the eyes to see, and the imaginations with which to follow them, they are written clear.

For the unfailing patience and kindness that has been shown to us by the contributors, and by all those who have helped in so many ways with the production of this book, we are sincerely grateful; and our thanks are also offered to Messrs. Macmillan for permission to reproduce certain lines of the poet Tagore, and also an extract from *The Young Enchanted* by Mr. Hugh Walpole; to Messrs. Heinemann for the extract from *Gallipoli* by Mr. John Masefield; and to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton for an extract from Sir James Barrie's essay on *Courage*.

We very much regret that owing to various circumstances it has not been possible to include contributions from China, Chile, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Holland, or Poland.

HELEN WHITAKER.
ANN KINDERSLEY.

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The creed of the girl guide is summed up in the Commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: The meaning of which is taught not only in the Christian Religion but by all the great moral teachers.

A true girl guide finds a pleasure in her duties and all the training and instruction is vain unless it inspires her to do what is right and to do it smiling.

May guiding be for ever a strength to those who serve, a help to others and a power in all lands—

Mary.

To the True Romance

By Rudyard Kipling

T*HY face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die.
Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch Thy garment's hem ;
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them.*

Through wantonness if men profess
They weary of Thy parts,
E'en let them die at blasphemy
And perish with their arts ;
But we that love, but we that prove
Thine excellence august,
While we adore discover more
Thee perfect, wise, and just.

Since spoken word Man's spirit stirred
Beyond his belly-need,
What is is Thine of fair design
In thought and craft and deed ;
Each stroke aright of toil and fight,
That was and that shall be,
And hope too high wherefore we die,
Has birth and worth in Thee.

Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee
To gild his dross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
A child until he die—
For to make plain that man's disdain
Is but new Beauty's birth—
For to possess in loneliness
The joy of all the earth.

As Thou didst teach all lovers speech
And Life her mystery,
So shalt Thou rule by every school
Till love and longing die,
Who wast or yet the lights were set,
A whisper in the Void,
Who shalt be sung through planets young
When this is clean destroyed.

Beyond the bounds our staring rounds,
Across the pressing dark,
The children wise of outer skies
Look hitherward and mark
A light that shifts, a glare that drifts,
Rekindling thus and thus,
Not all forlorn, for Thou hast borne
Strange tales to them of us.

Time hath no tide but must abide
The servant of Thy will;
Tide hath no time, for to Thy rhyme
The ranging stars stand still—
Regent of spheres that lock our fears
Our hopes invisible,
Oh 'twas certes at Thy decrees
We fashioned Heaven and Hell!

Pure Wisdom hath no certain path
 That lacks thy morning-eyne,
 And captains bold by Thee controlled
 Most like to Gods design ;
 Thou art the Voice to kingly boys
 To lift them through the fight,
 And Comfortress of Unsuccess
 To give the dead good night—

A veil to draw 'twixt God His Law
 And Man's infirmity,
 A shadow kind to dumb and blind
 The shambles where we die ;
 A sum to trick th' arithmetic
 Too base of leaguings odds,
 The spur of trust, the curb of lust,
 Thou handmaid of the Gods !

Oh Charity, all patiently
 Abiding wrack and scaith !
 Oh Faith, that meets ten thousand cheats
 Yet drops no jot of faith !
 Devil and brute Thou dost transmute
 To higher, lordlier show,
 Who art in sooth that utter Truth
 The careless angels know !

*Thy face is far from this our war,
 Our call and counter-cry,
 I may not find Thee quick and kind,
 Nor know Thee till I die.*

*Yet may I look with heart unshook
 On blow brought home or missed—
 Yet may I hear with equal ear
 The clarions down the list ;*

*Yet set my lance above mischance
And ride the barriere—
Oh, hit or miss, how little 'tis,
My lady is not there !*

Rudyard Kipling .

Reprinted in this book from "Many Inventions" at the suggestion of and by kind permission of the author.

Saints and Warriors

By Katharine Tynan

THE traditions of the girlhood and womanhood of Ireland are pure and fair. They were held in great honour in Ireland of the Kings and Warriors. When St. Patrick came, among his first converts were the young daughters of the King. Woman in ancient Ireland lived greatly, loved greatly, and died greatly. Even the very early Irish literature contains nothing worse as a diatribe against women than a bard's scolding of a scold. They were warriors. With the dawn of Christianity they became saints. St. Brigid, Abbess of Kildare, was known as the Mary of Ireland. Many of the old towns of Ireland are called from these women-saints, whose names are still remembered with honour.

From the early ages Ireland has had a troubled history, but she has produced great ladies, great warriors, great mothers, pure and innocent girls, devoted friends and servants. There has hardly been a great man in the history of Ireland who had not a great mother.

The history of Ireland has been loud with the tumult of fighting, in which the voices of the gentle were not always heard when they stood for peace, but there is no greater gentleness than that of Irish women when they are gentle. To-day the fighting that needs to be done is not against men nor to destroy them. It is against evil and to destroy it.

The Amazon is no longer needed, except for the fight against cruelty and ignorance and sin. To a people brave and adventurous, such as the Irish are, the Girl Guides make their appeal. Just as the old saints of long ago took the customs of Paganism and turned

them to Christian purposes, sifting out what was good in them, and taking possession in the Name of God, so this wonderful Movement lays hold upon the courage, the adventurousness, the impulse and energy which might in other circumstances be turned to evil account, and directs them to what is noble and of good repute. The laws of the Girl Guides shout like a trumpet in the hands of an angel. They are golden.

A Guide's honour is to be trusted.

A Guide is loyal to her religion and to her country.

A Guide is to be useful and to help others.

A Guide is a friend to all and a sister to every other Guide.

A Guide is courteous.

A Guide is a friend to animals.

A Guide obeys orders.

A Guide smiles and sings under all difficulties.

A Guide is pure in thought and word and deed.

It is a trumpet-call to Irish girls, who already possess so many of the fundamental virtues. Of late years a deal of energy among Irish girls has gone the way of war, as the energy of the girls of other countries has gone. It is time all that should cease, that the women of the world should be as busy as bees, building up, reconstructing, and making whole. The future is to the girls and the boys.

Just imagine what would happen to the world if the young were suddenly to save the world for the old and for all the future ages by love, and mercy, and kindness, and purity and honour!

Think of what it would mean to the helpless and stricken, to the old and dependent, to the little brothers and sisters of St. Francis!

The Christian world would no longer wrong God in the sight of the heathen. The Girl Guides show the way. Their rule is the rule of Ladies who correspond to Knights. It is a rule to be accepted like the Accolade of Knighthood, and to be carried as an order of chivalry. It does not exact an inhuman standard of perfection. It makes for bodily health as well as spiritual; for straight supple bodies and bright eyes; for a clear skin and the beauty that goes with perfect health.

The Girl Guide has bathed her face in May-dew. She runs over

the plain like Atalanta. All creation is her friend ; and it might come to her to reconcile man and the animals. She has sisters in all countries, and all men are her brothers. She is loyal to God and humankind, but especially to her own beloved country and her own religion.

Hers is the law of love, and I should ask nothing better for Irish girls than that they be Guides—to the heights—stars, lamps to the blind and stumbling world as God meant women to be.

Katherine Tynan

"The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest to us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves."—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I Vow to thee, my Country

By Cecil Spring Rice

I VOW to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no questions : the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best :
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies : we may not see her king—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

*The words of this poem are reprinted by
kind permission of Lady Spring Rice*

Real Spring Rice

I Vow to thee my country.

(Written for the Girl Guides)

Walford Davis

Handwritten musical score for the song "I Vow to thee my country" by Walford Davis. The score is written on ten staves, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and dynamic markings like *cresc.*, *meno cresc.*, *sempre cresc.*, and *(legato e marcato)*. The lyrics are as follows:

1 9 I vow to thee my
2 But there's another
country - All earthly things above - Exalted and white and perfect, The service of my love; The love that asks no
country I've heard of long a-go - Most dear to them that love her, most sweet to them that know. We may not count her
questions; the love that stands the test, That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best. The love that never
armies; we may not see her King; Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering. And soul by soul and
(legato e marcato)
falter, the love that pays the price, That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best. The love that never
silently, her shining friends increase, And her ways are ways of gentleuess, and all her paths are peace.

Paxton

On the Development of the Will

By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny

IN the power of initiative and the potentialities of man's will lies an outstanding evidence of his divine origin. The body, including the brain, being no more than an instrument for the manifestation of that will, must necessarily owe all activities to a driving force behind it; that is to be found in the spontaneous action of the will. The most trivial actions—to walk downstairs, the framing of a sentence, any effort of concentrated thought—are all prompted by the spontaneous initiative of what we call will. Every one can exercise it in more or less degree; no one can say how nor whence it comes. We are quite unconscious of the processes through which we put it into operation. We *will*—and results accrue, in degree equal to the development of the force behind.

The physical particles of which the body and brain are composed are the servants of this force—a force as intangible and quite as real as electricity or any other natural force—but servants that require training, that have to learn obedience to the will that should rule, the will itself being capable of development through practice and rigid discipline.

“Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city” is fact, not a mere abstraction, and all through the pages of Scripture insistence on this fact is to be found. In every possible way we are continually enjoined to develop the will, to master the flesh, and told that through mastery of the flesh we shall also master circum-

stance. Through control of the material side of us we become captains of our souls, the masters of our fate.

But the steps leading to these desirable results lie along a rocky path. Self-denial is the key-note of the processes through which perfect development of will-power is to be attained. The imposition of the will upon the rebellious matter which constitutes the physical body can be practised until not only are the weaknesses of the flesh overcome, but the brain is so under control that thought itself becomes the slave and not the master.

Fasting is always mentioned as an adjunct to prayer in the New Testament, and it is one of the methods through which mastery of the flesh is attained. Christ, Who came to teach us the mysteries of the Law which He came to fulfil—or work through—not to destroy, was inspired by inner knowledge when He enjoined fasting as well as prayer on His disciples. He told them the performance of some of the so-called “miracles” could only be accomplished by a preparation of fasting. The forty days’ fast in the wilderness was His own preparation for the life before Him—for the acquirement of power, through the development of will, necessary to the operation of the laws through which He was to work for the good of others. The temptation at the end of the forty days was the prompting of the physical, and had He chosen to give way to it, the world in very truth would have lain at His feet, not figuratively, but really. But He knew also that to use power so acquired for *selfish* purposes is among the things forbidden.

Fasting in the sense meant here need not necessarily be a matter of food only; it includes all forms of self-denial: control of temper, doing uncongenial work cheerfully, the subduing of ignoble desires and impulses. The “daily round” will supply limitless opportunities for the development of the will to those on the watch for them. A guard set over the tongue is a ready source to draw on: most of us are liable to indiscretions and betrayals by that most unruly member. In the cure of a bad habit a fulcrum is to be found for additions to the will’s armament, and the effort should be made always “with intention,” that is to say, with the resolution in view that thereby the will shall be fortified. Now is the time to do it, while within

reach of the reaction to be obtained from dense matter. In worlds where sorrow and pain and the struggle with matter are no longer our portion, it must of necessity be more difficult to find the reaction indispensable to further development in this direction. The night cometh when no man can work.

This deliberate and studied development of a force that should be the greatest in the world is within reach of us all; the development of it will make us better citizens and better workers, and individually a power that will make itself felt throughout the community. Woman is only now coming into her own with regard to civic responsibilities and opportunities, and upon her steadfastness and courage the issue of much in the future will depend. It is therefore all important that she should be fully equipped to take her part in these wider fields now opened to her, and no weapon in her armoury will be of more value than self-control and a will that refuses to be swayed by every passing thought or dominated by ignoble impulse.

Rose Ch. de Respiigny

"Obedience alone gives the right to command."—EMERSON.

Birds

By *Anne Douglas Sedgwick*

(*Mrs. Basil de Selincourt*)

IT is strange to think that one may spend thirty years of one's life in ignorance of that which becomes perhaps its greatest joy, and although nowadays bird-lovers and books on birds seem as numerous as cinemas and their frequenters, I put down these few recollections for those who may still be, as I was for so long, blind and deaf, though often in the country and often made happy by the sight and sound of birds. I still meet people, country-bred people, who do not know the song of a thrush from that of a blackbird, and who are unaware that a missel-thrush exists; I meet country children who do not know a chaffinch by sight and could not, if they were shown the two together, tell a sparrow from a hedge-sparrow; and I wonder whether such interest as the majority of country school-children take in birds is not the mere predatory interest in their eggs. One of the greatest privileges of the "privileged" classes, it seems to me, is just this knowledge and appreciation of birds, and it seems a pity that the most pervading and most permanent of pleasures—a privilege which everybody who lives in the country, whether rich or poor, could share—should so rarely be sought and known by the typical village child. I hope more from the influence of the Girl Guides in this respect than from nature-study in the schools. Those of us who have come to care for birds have usually done so through the infectious enthusiasm and patient companionship of a friend wiser than ourselves. To know birds one must want to know them; one must give time, and, for the first footsteps, one must have a friend.

There must be some one who will say to us, patiently, again and again : " No, that is not the wren's song ; it is the chaffinch's."

When I think of Girl Guides I think of friends, under the direction of a friend, in the country ; and, since birds and their preservation have come to be one of the greatest preoccupations of my life, my interest in the Girl Guide and Boy Scout movement is chiefly connected, I must confess, with my interest in birds.

Well, to go back to my own education. When I came to live, for all the year round, in the country, I knew as little about birds, I imagine, as the average village child. A thrush, a blackbird, a robin, a wren, I recognized by sight ; skylarks, of course, I knew by their song (who could, indeed, escape a skylark, that most exquisite " hound of heaven " ? though, indeed, I met a young French country girl who listened to one for the first time in her life in my company) ; I had heard the nightingale quite frequently ; and I recognized the silvery shattered spears of the robin's song falling in the autumn from the tall trees of a garden on the Cornish coast. But I did not know the song of a blackbird from that of a thrush ; as regards wren and chaffinch, sparrow and hedge-sparrow, I was in the same case as my typical village child. As for that crowning loveliness of spring—the songs of the warblers—I went unaware that I was crowned !

It is almost terrible to me now to think of those wasted years, feeling life so short since it only gives us the Blackcap for a few months every year and the first golden fluting of the blackbird in spring after so long an interval of silence. However old one lives to be, as long as eyes and ears remain, one may keep one's birds. I should care to live on if at eighty-five I could be wheeled in a Bath-chair into the garden and listen to the Willow-Wren, and perhaps still see the Lesser Spotted Woodpecker, the fritillary black and white of his back and his red velvet cap, as he tap-tapped, with soft, rapid fierceness, down the larch paling.

The first birds I became newly aware of, in my first unbroken country winter, were the tits coming to feed on the bunches of bacon-rind and festoons of monkey-nuts hung up in little fruit-trees near the house. Then it was suddenly revealed to me that wintry England can show one in the Great Tit a little bird as bright as a parrot, and



From the Drawing by
 ARCHIBALD THORBURN.

WREN
 MARSH-TIT BLUE TIT

in the far more darling Blue a head as blue as a sapphire and wings like a blue butterfly's. That was a sudden revelation. Slowly it was revealed that the Blue Tit seemed to frisk his way and the lovelier Marsh (or Willow—only the tail-tips differing) seemed to frolic; the Marsh in his pink-tinged, ashen grey and black cap leading the way to the pink and grey and black and white of the adorable Long-tailed. Who that has ever seen for the first time a family of these cherubs looping their way along a wintry hedge with little chinking cries will ever forget it? And the thought of chinks and tits brings the Goldcrest to one's loving memory. I found him first for myself (by then emboldened through study and a field-glass to finding my birds for myself) by his tiny reiterated cry passing here and there in the dense branches of a fir-tree, and the sound, when several go together, is like the continuous chink of the tiniest bells close packed and shaken together in a velvet bag. The sight of him is like the sound of him: a miniature ravishment; so tiny, so tame, with large dark eyes and butterfly spot on his wing and flake of gold laid on his high head. The Goldcrest has a very high head—so has the robin—washed to the forehead in the innocent red of his breast; so has the Marsh-Tit and the Blue and the Long-tailed. I think I love best birds in which the eye is thus set under a high arch. Chaffinches, too, I came myself to know as I watched them feeding; the hen is my favourite there, in her soft colouring; for I always regret the cock's slate-grey head; it should, if I could have had a say in the matter, have echoed the velvety brown of his saddle. The rather brickly red of a chaffinch's breast can become softly rose when he puffs it out on a snowy background, and I think the prettiest thing about him is the exquisite little inlay of pale sea-green just under his wings where they cross over on his back; one never sees this unless one sees him flutter his wings while one looks down at him. For starlings I try to maintain a firm dislike; they have the horriddest gestures of greed, waddling so quickly—at once bold and crafty—to gobble up all the bits put out for the little birds; their iridescent plumage has something slightly repulsive in its sheen, a saurian suggestion, as though they had risen from a slimy pool. Yet they are endearing, too, as they thrust their yellow bills, scissor-fashion,

into the sod ; and one's heart melts helplessly when they sit on the shining, dripping eaves in spring and whistle, bubble and sing, their heads thrown back, their wings drooping, in a rapture of expression ; one would not miss the starlings on the roof in spring.

When spring came, I mastered the difference between the song of the thrush and blackbird, and, once mastered, one marvels that confusion should ever be. It is not only that the thrush repeats his phrases and that the rhythm of his utterance is shorter and swifter ; but the tone and pitch are so different that one note, to the accustomed ear, is sufficient for identification. Beside the thrush's urgency the blackbird is indolent, golden beside his silver, more penetrating and less poignant, conveying the sense of a communing with far sweet memories ; there is more of the past in the blackbird's song, while the thrush's is filled with an ecstatic present. And let me say here, speaking from experience, that those are mistaken who imagine that without discrimination they can find the same joy in listening. Strangely, yet I am convinced that it is so, a bird unknown is a bird half unheard ; or, let me put it rather, a bird undiscriminated is a bird half unheard. One might say : " There is the song of our unknown bird," and the bird would then not be unknown ; but the bird that is not distinguished from another is not really heard. No music lover would claim that if he could not tell Bach and Brahms apart he could really hear them. I have, now, an acute ear for the songs of birds, yet for all those years, frequently in the country as I was, I have no recollection of having been consciously aware of the song of a single warbler. When I think of warblers and of what they mean to me, I feel a devout sense of thankfulness for their smallness, their transiency, their relative invisibility. They are not to be netted and made into a *friture*, as is the fate of so many small birds in France where, I read in my *Bulletin de le Ligue Protectrice des Oiseaux*, a peasant woman recently brought to market in a French provincial town six dozen grey wagtails. The Italians, I suppose, by liming the twigs, do gather the warblers, as well as all other birds, to their holocausts ; but, on the whole, and in comparison to other kinds, warblers are, I imagine, secure, and pass for the most part unnoticed.

How many country children know the song of the Blackcap from that of the Willow-Warbler—or either bird by sight? The Willow-Warbler was the first of his family that I knew, and the ecstasy of the experience was so great that I spent all available spare hours in the wood where he was to be heard. These birds now build their nests among the grass in our orchard, the little cup of moss lying on its side, so fair, so touching, lined with white feathers and with a curtain of white feathers hung across the entrance. I watched them, once, for a whole spring morning, flying to and from the shed where a white hen was brooding, bringing a white feather to the nest on each journey; and all day long, for all the summer long, the liquid falling chromatic cadence of their song flits about the garden, wistful yet happy. The Blackcap I heard, and saw, first in a French orchard. He flitted from spray to spray of a flowering hawthorn and was so near that when he sang I could see down his orange-yellow throat. He is perhaps the most touchingly lovely of all the birds: his slenderness and grace, his ash and silvery grey and the darling little cap of black velvet fitted so exquisitely upon his head. No one will ever describe his song more simply or more perfectly than Gilbert White: “A full, deep, loud and wild pipe,” and it is strange that he should find the song of the Redstart superior. The Blackcap is the Shelley among birds; compared to him the Redstart—so lovely to look upon with his flame tail and starred forehead—is, in utterance, prosaic merriment and nothing more. There is something of the rapture and strangeness of the “Hymn of Pan” in the Blackcap’s song. It always surprises one. When one hears the Willow-Wren it is as if one said: “Yes, yes—I remember.” When one hears the Blackcap one says: “I never knew before.” I never seem to hear Blackcaps sing in England with the same loudness and ecstasy as in France, and my most wonderful experience of one was hearing it in the vast and ancient branches of the chestnut of Francois Premier, on the terrace of the castle at Loches. Many other birds are French rather than English experiences. Only there, on the Normandy cliffs, have I seen flocks of goldfinches flying against a blue sky, and seen in a garden in the Midi goldfinches feeding on the seeds of chicory among the wheels of the blue chicory flowers.

The lovely Grey-Wagtail, too (the *bergeronnette* of the market's six dozen), with its daffodil tints of yellow, tilted up and down the streets of the little Normandy town where I spent two years of the war, and twice the Goldcrests fluttered in from the fir plantations on the cliff, against which our villa-hospital was built, and were found confidently gazing at one from the counterpanes of our *poilus'* beds in an upper ward. Bullfinches we rejoice in in our own garden, glad to sacrifice the fruit-buds of our plums if only they will hop among their branches—more beautiful than any fruit. For all their thinning of the buds we have never found our crop diminished. We get, too, the Greater as well as the Lesser Spotted Woodpecker; no Chinese painting could rival his marvellous vermilion, black and white; and once, on a summer day before the war, we listened to the song of the Marsh-Warbler singing from a paling in the garden. But I see that if one begins about birds one may go on and on, and what I want most to say is that I hope great things for them from the Girl Guides and the Boy Scouts. If only all collectors, professional and amateur, could be flogged and exported; if only every Girl Guide and Boy Scout in the country could come to feel a chivalrous protective love for these loveliest of creatures, we could trust that this joy might be a part, for ever, of the English heritage.

Ann Douglas Seagwak

"The volume of Nature is the book of knowledge."—GOLDSMITH.

“Terrible as an Army with Banners”

Notes from an Address by the Bishop of Guildford

ONCE, during the reign of Solomon, there was a home in Galilee : a widow with her two sons and a daughter named “ fairest among women.” Of their sister the brothers said : “ If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver ; and if she be a door, we will encase her with boards of cedar.” . . . A *wall* to resist evil, or a *door* to open and let it in ?

The maiden grew up and was badly treated by her brothers ; they were angry because she had betrothed herself to a shepherd. They made her keeper of their vineyard, and she was compelled to work in all weathers, exposed to sun, and wind, and rains. But her beauty remained unchanged, and nothing could destroy her happiness.

Then King Solomon appeared with his gorgeous retinue, and set up his tents upon the plain within view of this “ rose of Sharon,” who came down from her vineyard to see. . . . She fell in with the king, who was attracted by her beauty, and carried her off a captive to his palace at Jerusalem.

There she was flattered and scolded in turn. The king wished to make her his queen, but despite every inducement, she remained steadfast to her betrothed, until the gilded cage was opened, and the king said : “ Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the sun, clear as the morn, and *terrible as an army with banners* ? ”

The maiden answered as she went north to join her beloved :

"I am a *wall*. . . . Solomon had a vineyard at Baal Hamon, but the vineyard of my own soul is free."

What was this power before which the king quailed? It is the power of pure and true womanhood to overcome the corruption that is in the world. God often chooses strange champions: the stripling David to conquer the Philistine giant; David's son, the spiritual Philistine, He fights with the "lily among thorns."

"Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me," cried Solomon, "thou art terrible as an army with banners."

What are those banners? They stand for your ideals, the ideals of pure womanhood, which is a formidable thing. The ideals of service and sacrifice, of comradeship and loyalty.

Blue for the uniform of "silent service"; red for sacrifice and war, and for the fight we must all make against the evil without and within; white for the final victory, and for leadership under the White Leader Who said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Uphold these ideals, and the Guides will be a force to reckon with in overcoming the evil that is in the world to-day.

Guides do carry flags and standards, not as flaunting symbols, but as reminders of their strength. Their strength does not lie in numbers, but grows according to their power to withstand evil; and having *known* all, to stand. . . .

The Examples of Great Men . . .

By John Masefield

IN a few hours at most, as they very well knew, many of them would have looked their last on the sun . . . disappeared for ever from the knowledge of man . . . blotted from the Book of Life none would know how . . . far from comrades and the English speech and the English singing . . . in the blazing sun or the frost of the Gallipoli night. . . .

But as they moved out, these things were but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast.

All that they felt was a gladness of exaltation that their young courage was to be used. They went like kings in a pageant to imminent death. As they passed from moorings to the man-of-war anchorage on their way to the sea, their feeling that they had done with life and were going on to something new welled up in those battalions; they cheered and cheered until the harbour rang with cheering. As each ship crammed with soldiers drew near the battle-ships the men swung their caps and cheered again, and the sailors answered, and the noise of the cheering swelled, and the men in the ships not yet moving joined in, and the men ashore, till all the life in the harbour was giving thanks that it could go to death rejoicing.

All was beautiful in that gladness of men about to die, but the most moving thing was the greatness of their generous hearts. As they passed the French ships, the memory of old quarrels healed, and the sense of what sacred France had done and endured in this great war, and the pride of having such men as the French for comrades, rose up in their warm souls, and they cheered the French ships more, even, than their own.

They left the harbour very, very slowly ; this tumult of cheering lasted a long time ; no one who heard it will ever forget it, or think of it unshaken. It broke the hearts of all there with pity and pride ; it went beyond the guard of the English heart. Presently all were out and the fleet stood across for Tenedos, and the sun went down with marvellous colour, lighting island after island and the Asian peaks, and those left behind in Mudros trimmed their lamps knowing that they had been for a little brought near to the heart of things.

/ Hampden

. . . *And Women*

By Clemence Dane

THE seven wonders of the ancient world of men were all of brick and ivory and gold and stone. Gone are now the hanging gardens; forgotten the temples and the tombs. Colossus has stumbled in his stride and the still standing Pyramids are defaced, defiled.

But these, unforgotten, are the seven wonders of the women's world :—

The song of Sappho.

The face of Helen.

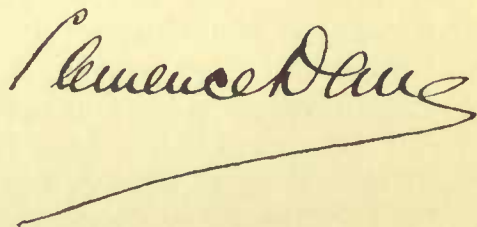
The beckoning hand of Beatrice.

The sword of Joan.

The passion of the Magdalen.

The grief of God's Mother.

And the immortal spirit in the burdened body of Eve, the labourer's wife.



"Youth never dies, life is eternal, hope, and love, and beauty, are stronger than governments and wars and the changing of forms and boundaries. . . ."

—HUGH WALPOLE.

Many Doors



*By Ernest Raymond, Author of
"Tell England," "Rossenal," etc.*



I

"**T**HERE'S a lot in a door," said Father Gambooley, leaning over the pulpit and smiling at every one of six hundred children. "There's an awful lot in a door. In fact, it is the most romantic thing in the world; after, perhaps, a long white road. The door of this church, for instance, leads to great things. *Ahem!*"—Father Gambooley coughed humorously—"I dare say you think it leads to greater things when you approach it from within. Time'll be when you'll think it leads to greater things if you approach it from without. . . . But the lesson, my children, is this: open the doors more often than you shut 'em. On the whole, you're more likely to do right if you open a door than if you shut it.

"And that reminds me that my old father used to say——"

Father Gambooley's congregation of children were surprised. They conceived of Father Gambooley as old himself—corpulent and jolly, but old. And here was talk of Father Gambooley's father! They pictured a palsied Methuselah, nut-crackery and mummified.

"My old father used to say," pursued the preacher, "that doors

were made to be shut. Perhaps he was right. But it seems to me that you do a glorious thing every time you open a door, and a harsh and irrevocable thing every time you shut it.

“And that reminds me of the story of Rhoda——”

The congregation sat up. It always did when Father Gambooley smiled his most expansive smile and said that something reminded him of the story of some one. But if five hundred and ninety-nine of the children sat up suddenly, the six hundredth sat up more suddenly than any of them. The six hundredth was a Rhoda herself—Rhoda Bell, to be sure. Was Father Gambooley going to talk about her?

“You all know who Rhoda was, don’t you?” cajoled the Father over the pulpit.

Quite fifty little girls turned round in their pews, looked at Rhoda Bell, and giggled. Giggled, the absurd creatures! It made her go red.

“Well, Rhoda was—turn round, you little girls—Rhoda was a serving-maid in a very nice household——”

The little girls who had been idiotic turned round and forgot Rhoda Bell. There was a story commencing.

“Quite the nicest household in Jerusalem,” smiled Father Gambooley. “Mrs. Mark’s, you know. Mrs. Mark, the mother of John Mark. Nice person, Mrs. Mark.” (At this point a lady who disapproved of making children laugh in church got up and walked out.) “Nice woman, Mrs. Mark,” continued the impenitent Father. “She used to keep open house for all the Apostles. I suspect she mothered them a bit. And once when Peter was in prison, she and her friends and Rhoda, the serving-maid, were all together—and what do you think they were doing? You, boy, what do you think they were doing?”

“Eatin’,” ventured the small boy.

“No. Oh, no,” reproached the Father. “Hardly eating. It was past the time for eating. Not eating, I think.”

“Washid’ up,” cried a boy with adenoids.

“Sewin’,” suggested a little girl.

“Readin’ the Boible,” tried another boy. Not that he was a



*From the Painting by
LAWSON WOOD.*

"SHE KNEW THAT HER VISITANT WAS OLD AND SPENT
AND A HATER OF MEN AND MISERABLE."

pious child, but because he believed in giving the clergy the answers they wanted, and so avoiding unnecessary delay.

Father Gambooley smiled patiently.

"Remember," he said, "Peter was in prison. Surely there is only one thing to do when your friend is in prison."

"Pray for 'im!" triumphantly shouted a small boy who had been cutting rashers off the pew with a new knife.

"Precisely!" said the Father, radiant with approval. "They were all together praying for Peter. And—even as they prayed—the doors of Peter's prison far away, huge studded doors, were swung open by an angel. (Generally speaking, my children, they are angels that open doors.) And Peter found himself in the street. And, standing there, he saw in his mind's eye Mrs. Mark's household, and the warm welcome he would get from Mrs. Mark, and young John Mark, and the charming Rhoda. And he turned naturally towards their door. Which shows what good friends they were of his. He came to their door and knocked. . . ."

Father Gambooley knocked three slow and awful knocks on the pulpit. The silence in the church was sepulchral.

"Knock . . . knock . . . knock," declaimed the Father, reminiscent of Macbeth.

He leaned over the pulpit and whispered with great dramatic power: "Rhoda heard that knock. She rose. It was her duty to go to the door. She was a little startled, I think, or she would have opened it at once. It can be a startling thing, a knock at a door. 'Who's there?' she said. Wonderful words! 'Who's there?' 'It's me,' said a voice. *Peter's voice!*"

Terrible pause! The children stared at the preacher. In her pew Rhoda Bell was transfigured. She was transfigured into Mrs. Mark's Rhoda, the serving-maid.

Father Gambooley changed from the dramatic to the merry. "Now, I know a lot about Rhoda," he said. "I know she was young, enthusiastic, loving, and happy. She was young, because she was silly—so silly as to forget what she came to the door for, and to run back leaving it unopened while she published her great news. I know she was enthusiastic, or she would not have rushed to do a

second thing before she had finished a first. She was loving. She must have loved Peter, or she wouldn't have thought it such great news that he was at the gate. And she was happy, or she wouldn't have been so transported as to stay radiantly arguing with the astonished people as to whether it was Peter or his ghost, when she might have proved her point by opening the door and letting him in ! And they called her mad. Never mind. People are apt to call you mad when you are young, enthusiastic, loving, and happy. As a matter of fact, it *was* a bit mad to keep him waiting there—Peter, who has the keys of heaven, waiting at a house-door, because Rhoda was happy ! Charming girl, Rhoda. . . .

"Then she rushed back and opened the door."

To some of the boys this seemed a point where Father Gambooley might effectively stop, and they jumped up accordingly. But the Father continued so pleasantly that it was easy to sit down and listen and forgive him.

"Now, besides the key, there are good things to take with you when you go to open a door. Clean hands are a good thing ; or a clean apron. But most excellent of all are youth, enthusiasm, love and happiness. . . .

"My children, say after me : 'Open the doors and let in Life.' "

Most willingly the congregation said it in uproarious unison.

"Say it three times," said Father Gambooley.

They said it three times. "Open the doors and let in Life."

"Yes," smiled Father Gambooley, closing his Bible and putting his spectacles in their case. "And one day you'll understand what that means."

II

It was a winter afternoon. The church was darkening : and as the six hundred rose to sing "Now the day is over," an exciting and mirth-provoking thing happened : the verger lit the gas brackets one after another.

Rhoda Bell pushed her way out of the church with the throng. When they emerged into the churchyard, the children ran, shrieked, and threw pebbles at one another. They jumped over railings and

raced across forbidden stretches of grass. But Rhoda Bell did none of these things. With a weird and delightful sense of being not herself but Mrs. Mark's Rhoda, she ran with a skipping and a jumping to her home.

Her home was in Curzon Way. And, as a rule, this street had a populous aspect; as a rule, large, round, bare-armed women, with cloth caps, stood gossiping at doors while children with unwiped noses played loudly in the roadway. But to-day it seemed deserted: it looked like a stage cleared for action. The late afternoon, no doubt, was chilly, and folk indoors. Rhoda passed into her house and closed the hall-door.

Something about the living-room, as she entered it, told her that the house was empty. Her mother had left four slices of buttered bread and a full kettle for Rhoda's tea. It was cheerless, but Rhoda was cheerful: a happiness possessed her; the happiness of a new identity. The fire in the grate was dying, but she revived it, and placed the kettle on a fitful flame. Sitting in a moulting chair, she took a copy of the *Daily Mirror*, three days old, and looked at the pictures. But it tired her eyes to read. The room was dark, for the window was small and rather dirty. The kettle was slow about singing. Rhoda stared at it. She absent-mindedly picked some stuffing out of the moulting chair. Then she dropped her hand straight down, for she had begun to be sleepy. A strange thing was all about her, an unexplainable joy, like a visitation: and such things may easily trance you to sleep. Surely she was dozing—

Three knocks at the door. Three times distinctly, as Father Gambooley had knocked. Knock . . . knock . . . knock.

Rhoda's heart leapt and quickened. She was frightened. Thank Heaven the door was locked! As she had entered the house, its emptiness had disturbed her, and she had let slip the latch. But this fear could not last in the external happiness that was round her. Knock, knock, knock. The heart-beats of fear changed to heart-beats of excitement.

"On the whole you are more likely to do right if you open a door than if you shut it."

Rhoda jumped up. She was not sure that she wasn't dreaming:

or whether it was she who had jumped up, or Mrs. Mark's Rhoda. She went into the dark, narrow passage, and saw the door at its end. An unexpected radiance, marking the fanlight, made the door look dark and forbidding. What was behind it? "There's a lot in a door. . . . Who's there? Wonderful words: *who's there?* Open the door and let in Life." She pulled back the latch.

After the darkness of the passage, the light in the street was almost dazzling. It seemed to be neither afternoon nor evening outside the door. Time was left behind in the passage: beyond the threshold it was just Day. And Curzon Way looked hardly like a street: it was rather a long white road, narrowing for a great distance, till on the horizon it passed out of sight. And in the centre of the luminous air, framed by the doorway, was a disreputable man, a tramp, with a long, ill-kempt beard, and torn and dusty clothes.

"Ger-d'evening, missy," he said. "Got a crust of bread? I've walked fifty mile ter-day. Fifty mile, and nothing ter eat. It'll be a kindness, missy, to a man that's been in trouble. An' 'eaven bless yer for it."

Rhoda had almost shut the door, when she saw bewilderment and unhappiness in the disreputable creature's eyes. The revelation was sudden and strong, and poignant enough for tears. They were eyes to remember, the colour of the sea on a grey day. A dim but stirring instinct told her they were eyes that looked usually on the outside of doors that closed harshly, and perhaps on the inside of prison doors. They were dishonest eyes, but they were unhappy. As if in a dream, wherein she had drunk a magic potion, Rhoda seemed to grow out of her childhood: indeed, she had left years, and the things by which men measure age, behind her; and she had entered the wisdom of the timeless. A wand, perchance, had touched her. And she knew that the timeless are young, enthusiastic, loving, and happy; and the young, enthusiastic, loving, and happy do not judge; and men call them mad; and they are the only wise. She knew that her visitant was old and spent and a hater of men and miserable; and he was on one side of a door and she on the other. "There's a lot in a door." He looked into narrow darkness, and she into wide light.

"Wait a minute," she said.

Returning to the room, she took the bread from the table, and, tearing off the title-page of the *Daily Mirror*, wrapped the food in a parcel. This she placed in the derelict's hands.

"'Eaven bless yer, missy," he said. "Gawd bless yer, my chuck."

Rhoda, with the wisdom of the timeless, heard the note of insincerity in the tramp's words as he faced away and with out-turned toes and feeble knees walked up the road.

She returned to her chair. She let her hand drop to her side as before. The sleepiness in which she had been disturbed overpowered her again. Sleepy? Dear me, how sleepy! Nay, more than sleepy—asleep and dreaming. She must be dreaming, for it was the end of the world—a delightful dream that had come to her often before. Or if it were not the end of the world, she must be dead, for she was walking up a long white road to the doors of heaven. And the doors grew larger as she drew closer. They were dizzily huge doors, heavily studded with nails, and, but for their setting in a pointed arch like the tower-doors at church, might have been prison doors. She was quite alone outside. But she knew what she must do. She must knock. And she must knock a knock that would be recognized.

So she knocked three times distinctly. Knock, knock, knock.

A key turned. The doors grated on their hinges. And as they swung wide, disclosing a dazzling light, Rhoda saw him who had turned the key. He stood there in the light framed by a pointed arch; and while she gazed, the aperture dwindled till it seemed like a stained-glass window. He had a glorious robe, and a long beard, and eyes of a strange sea-grey: but the eyes were not bewildered and unhappy; rather were they whimsical and welcoming.

Rhoda knew she was waking. There was a rushing sound, and a sibilant singing. She opened her eyes. The kettle was pouring steam into the room. She rubbed her lids, and looked on the table. Four slices of bread were awaiting her. At her feet lay the *Daily Mirror* with its title-page intact. She looked into her mind to see what it was her dream had been. And lo! it escaped her for ever—

even as she saw it. Only she knew that it had been good, for she had that sense of refreshment and exaltation which comes after pleasant dreams.

III

Meanwhile, in his room, Father Gambooley rested after his tea, with a consciousness of work tolerably well done. He was trifling with the words "Life is Ministry" as the subject of his discourse to the older folk; and waiting for evensong.

Ernest Raymond.

The Mountain Trail

By Alfred Noyes

BIRD above the mountain,
Fern and brook and pine-tree,
Where I used to wander
When my heart was light,
Now at last remember
All you used to sing me.
Guide me up the mountain trail
This and every night.

Let the lights that blind me,
Die away behind me ;
Let the darkness find me
On my mountain height.

If I seek the valley
O, bloom of sweet rest-harrow
Twist your tendrils round my heart
And never let me roam.
Keep my feet from straying,
Eyes of little children,
Guide me up the mountain trail
And lead me to my home.

High above the heather
Once, the bird of morning
Filled my heart with glory
While I trod the height ;

When the night bereaves me,
When the dream deceives me,
When the music leaves me,
Come, O LIGHT of light,

Shine above the dark world,
Lead me through the pine woods,
Guide me up the mountain trail
This and every night.

Alfred Noyes -

Loyalty

By Roger Mackarness

THE tradition of loyalty is a great inheritance from the past, but it is, unhappily, an inheritance into which only too few of us in this present year of grace are willing to enter.

Loyalty to a creed or cause, loyalty to a king or leader, are justly associated in our minds with the age of knighthood and chivalry, when men lived for an ideal, fought for it, and died gladly to uphold it; but although that age is past, its traditions linger, and in some few quiet and steadfast hearts are springing as strongly to-day as in any bygone age.

To-day! and it is to-day, more perhaps than at any other period in the world's history, that women and girls have a wonderful opportunity to take their part in upholding and handing on this great tradition.

Consider for a moment. There are to-day few spheres of activity in the life of the community in which women and girls are not bearing a hand: alike in the office, the workshop, the factory and the field, they are to be found side by side with men; if then, not only in these places, but in their homes as well, they try to bring home by word and example to those about them the true principles of loyalty and devoted service, their influence for good on the stained page of modern history will indeed be incalculable.

To champion unfalteringly an unpopular cause in face of public and private derision, to damage one's own interests and even to lose one's friends by unwavering obedience to a principle—these are things which any one of us may be called upon to do in life's journey. And these are the occasions upon which loyalty may assert itself.

To do these things is not easy and needs much of that "lovely virtue"—courage; but with the famous women of history in mind—Boadicea, Florence Nightingale, Grace Darling, and in more modern times many other nameless heroines, every woman and girl should find inspiration in her humble everyday way to go and do likewise.

Judging our fellows as a whole, in this post-war era of peace and good-will in which our politicians would have us believe, this tradition is sadly lacking among them. Few men and women to-day are willing to sacrifice their own advancement for personal honour or for an ideal. If it is to their advantage to throw over their beliefs, party, or friends, the majority of people cheerfully do so, caring nothing for the fact, if indeed they realize it at all, that they are being selfish and disloyal.

It is, however, selfishness and disloyalty which are threatening civilization to-day, and unless not only our men, but our women and girls realize this, and set their faces firmly against these things, the age of "sweetness and light" so far from being brought nearer, will once more sink into the far future, where even belief in the possibility of its existence will become a difficult task.

Above all, let us not belie the words of Rupert Brooke when he wrote:—

"Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage."

Roger Mackarness

*"Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the king—
Else wherefore born?"*

TENNYSON.

St. Augustine tells how Nature led him to God

“**I** ASKED the Earth, and it said : ‘ I am not He ’ ; and all that is upon it made the same confession.

“ I asked the Sea and the Depths and the Creeping Things that have life, and they answered : ‘ We are not thy God ; look thou above us.’

“ I asked the Breezes and the Gales, and the Whole Air with its inhabitants said to me : ‘ Thou art in error ; I am not God.’

“ I asked the Heaven, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars : ‘ We, too,’ said they, ‘ are not He Whom thou seekest.’

“ And I said to all the creatures that surround the doors of my fleshly senses : ‘ Ye have said to me of my God that ye are not He—tell me somewhat of Him’—and with a great voice they exclaimed : ‘ He made us ! ’ ”



From the Painting by
GWYNDD M. HUDSON.

"AND WITH A GREAT VOICE THEY
EXCLAIMED: 'HE MADE US!'"

Friendship

By Peggy Webling

THERE is no happiness in life so deep, in its possibilities, as the making and the keeping of friends.

What does one expect from a chosen friend? Sympathy, tolerance, constancy, understanding, and the greatest of these is understanding. Added to such incomparable qualities, there is the desire for gay companionship, mutual interests, laughter and good humour. One's friend must be many-sided, variable, but never capricious; quick-witted, but never unkind.

Time must not change, nor troubles frighten her. She must share the sorrows no less than the joys of life. She must be ready to take and keep a secret confidence, but never be guilty of mere curiosity :—

“The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.”

If true friendship means so much, how is it to be won? What can one do to be worthy of this unselfish and rare devotion? There is only one way to make and hold a friend—be a friend.

Like attracts like. That is an old saw, and a modern instance is to be found in every pair of chosen friends. They may differ from each other in trifles, even in tastes and opinions, but in the depths of their hearts they must be as one. Their bond must be strong and tough, able to bear the strain of this hard, battling world; delicate at the same time and responsive to the finest music in our being.

No jealousy—destructive to all real comradeship—must encroach upon a friend's freedom; nor disloyalty in absence; nor anger at

happiness with others. The more a friend is loved and admired, the more her friend should rejoice.

One with whom we can be tender and sincere is a great man's definition of friendship. Tenderness is a beautiful gift. Sincerity is a noble challenge.

* * * * *

The ideal of friendship should grow in ever-widening circles. It begins, but it should not end, in the companionship and personal affection of two alone. Its spirit cannot be confined within narrow bounds. It passes beyond the chosen comrade to a group of chosen comrades, losing none of its strength, gaining much in a broader knowledge of others.

A time surely comes when we discover that friends are waiting everywhere, not all to be loved alike, but every single one responsive to our sympathy. So the little group of comrades has again to be enlarged—the circles widen and widen round us.

We find, in this world, the thing we seek, if not at the beginning of the journey, most certainly before it ends.

Seek for the friends of your heart not only among the few who are near and dear, but among the many strangers on the road of your life. Nothing you can do or give is of such priceless value as the glance of compassion, the word of kindness, the touch of a generous, open hand.

Peggy Webling.

The Bond of Music

By Dame Nellie Melba

I READ a story once, when I was a child, which I have never forgotten. It was in an old volume of fairy tales, dusty and yellow, almost hidden between a huge copy of Johnson's *Dictionary* and Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*.

A simple story of two little peasant armies which, in days gone by, were lying opposite each other on the sides of a hill. There had been a temporary lull in hostilities. For a short while arrows ceased to fly and blood to flow. A deep silence lay over the country, a silence charged with future menace.

And then, suddenly, from out of a cloudless sky, there came the song of a lark. Like a silver chain the melody rippled out, liquid, almost unbearably sweet. Higher and higher the bird flew, until it seemed that sun and song were one. Fainter and fainter—and then again silence.

But only for a moment. From over the crest of hill there appeared figures. Running to meet them were other figures. They were the rival armies. But they were no longer enemies. The bows and arrows had been flung into the ditch, the swords thrown into the dust, the hatred swept from their hearts. They had realized once more that the world was beautiful, and that Beauty brooks no rivals. All through the song of a lark.

It was of course a fairy lark, and the story is, if you like, a fairy story, which has little in common with this grim age in which we have the dubious privilege to live. But do you not, in your heart of hearts, share with me a wish that it might be true?

Music—the bond of music, which links men more closely than fetters of steel, which frees men more completely than any war of

independence ! Never had the world so great a need of melody as to-day. For music is the universal language. It is the spirit of the League of Nations set to poetry. I care not if it be the song of the huntsman as, with eager eyes and light heart, he canters into the forest. I care not if it be the fine art of a prima donna, the lonely call of a nightingale, the whistle of a plough-boy, the chorus of a barrack-room. In essence it is the same thing. Fill the cup of life with mirth or with grief, and it will always brim over into song.

* * * * *

There are times when we are so dazed and so bewildered by the rush and tangle of modern life, so bewildered by its complexity and its eternal uproar, that we feel a great longing to go into the silence, to sit with folded hands trying dimly to ponder what it all means, whither we are all going. Life seems a machine-made affair, a thing of bricks and mortar, hardly worth the living. It is at times like this that I thank God for melody. "After all," I say to myself, "however much we may depart from nature, however deadly may become the weapons of war, the world must, in its own blind way, continue, and the only force which can fill it is the force of love. We may build houses to shut out the sun ; we may make guns that will shoot to the stars ; we may create a million artificial hells, a million false paradises. But come what may, the most ecstatic pleasure which men can ever know is the pleasure of love, the gift of creation."

Forget that truth, and life becomes unbearable. Remember it, and the key is in your hands. And remember, above all, that music is the food of love.

There is a picture in my mind, as I write, that shines out clearly as though to illustrate what I have said. I was standing in my dressing-room a few months before the war, in London, after a performance of "La Bohème." It had been a particularly brilliant audience, for the season was at its height, and my room was brimming with the scent of flowers. My dresser knocked at the door, and entered with a tray bearing a sheaf of cards. I glanced at them rather impatiently, for I wanted to be gone, but as I examined the names I was struck by the extraordinary variety of the men and women they

represented. There was, I remember, a distinguished French soldier side by side with a great German author; an Italian countess, a Russian diplomat, and a young Spanish composer. Two Americans, an English-woman and a member of the Japanese Embassy completed the list. "So," I laughed, "we are to see the world to-night!" For an instant it seemed almost like a practical joke.

But as I held the cards in my hand I realized that it was no joke. It was a miracle. Through my half-closed eyes these little slips of pasteboard seemed to change into the maps of all the countries which they represented. I remembered the age-long antagonism of France and Germany, the life struggle of Russia, the agony of Italy, the grandeur that was Spain. I remembered the teeming millions of Japan facing with scarcely veiled hostility the multitudes of America. I remembered my own beloved Empire—and perhaps dimly the shadow of the vast slaughter and destruction which was brooding only a few months away passed over my heart. And here were all these countries waiting outside my door—their bitterness forgotten.

"Tell them to come in."

I stood up, and faced the door. Never shall I forget those people as they stood before me—the glittering gold and blue of the Frenchman's uniform, the grave bow of the German, the bright black eyes of my Italian comtessa. Craft had for the moment gone from the face of the Russian; the Spaniard was afire with emotion. Even the usually reserved English and Americans seemed to have been lit by some divine flame.

I bowed. There were a few seconds of silence, broken only by the tramp of stage hands passing through the corridors. And then, with a smile, I spread out my hands and said, in English, "It is difficult, my friends, to know in what language to address you."

It was the Frenchman who, with perfect tact, voiced the thoughts which were in the minds of all of us.

"Pour vous, madame," he said, "il n'y a pas de difficulté. Vous connaissez une langue que comprend le monde entier."

* * * * *

Within six months every member of that little group was ranged

on opposite sides in a battle of life and death. One has only to state the fact to realize its full horror.

I am no pacifist where peace is impossible. But I am an ardent pacifist as long as there is a strip of peace in the sky of war. And that is why I beg of our young artists and singers to use their hands, their brains, their eyes for peace. It is a fine thing to write a battle march—it is a finer to write a child's lullaby. It may stir the blood to fashion a sonnet out of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war—yet it is better to weave a love-song out of the mystery of a woman's heart. Fine, no doubt, too, to paint a flashing sword and the glint of armour—but finest of all to picture the smile of a mother over her newly-born child.

I look forward to the day, I know not how distant or how near, when the clash of swords may be replaced by the sweep of strings; when the rolling of drums will no longer be urging men to fight, but to dance; when the bitter words of the revolutionary and the fanatic may be hushed, and when the world may be led to peace by the echo of a song.

Hellie Mellic

The Romance of Sea Adventure

By E. Benson

THE Unknown has always held a powerful fascination for mankind; the urge of that universal desire to learn what lies beyond the known horizon and the lure of seeking fresh adventures, fresh romance, have combined in the past, as in the present, to draw the dwellers of the British Isles across their boundaries "where the blue begins."

The British came late into the path of Sea Adventure. Egyptians, Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutch and others had all answered to the call of the sea before the ships of the English set out on the ocean quest towards the new world.

But once heard the call has been answered, with enthusiastic energy and perseverance, until the seas have become in truth "Britain's Realm" to her adventurous children.

Those living in the present age of easy communication with every part of the earth can scarcely realize the magnitude of the risks faced by the early explorers. These men set out in tiny ships, often with ludicrously inadequate equipment, to sail uncharted seas in quest of unknown lands. Their wonderful spirit upheld them through danger and disappointment, and many won through to success. That spirit still lives and is the spirit of many Guides and Scouts. Quite recently an intrepid little company of Guides has set off on the long sea-trail to make for themselves new homes in far-away Australia, and where they lead others will follow.

The history of the first settlement of America and of the West Indies is one of true romance and adventure—a record of patient endurance, energy and courage such as the world has seldom known. Great men stand out against the blue sea—Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Richard Grenville, Sir John Hawkins and many other valiant men, with the protection and sympathy of their queen—Elizabeth—assured to them at home. These men set forth in their little wooden sailing ships to follow the call of the sea, to explore, to fight, to win, perchance to die. After this glorious band came others, and the adventures of one of these, Sir George Somers, reflects the spirit which animated them all.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE BERMUDA ISLANDS

Far out in the North-West Atlantic there is a group of islands, the Bermudas, built up of wind-drifted shell, sand and coral on the top of a steep, high, isolated submarine volcano. In ancient times it was only one oval-shaped island, probably about 220 square miles in extent, with a hilly interior of high sand-dunes and steep sea cliffs. In course of time the island subsided about 100 feet, the sea cliffs sank below the water and became a dangerous encircling reef, whilst the highest parts of the hilly land became islands and only 19½ square miles of dry land remained above the sea.

Owing to their isolated position in the hurricane zone and their dangerous reefs these islands were greatly dreaded by early navigators and were looked on by some of them as the abode of demons and known by the name of "Devils Islands." In 1595 Sir Walter Raleigh referred to them in this way: "The Bermudas, a hellish sea for thunder and lightning and stormes." Shakespeare is said to have taken his setting for *The Tempest* from an early account of Bermuda.

Man had apparently never set foot on those shores when a Spanish navigator, Juan de Bermudez, anchored there in 1515 and gave his name to the islands. But no one took possession, for no one cared to brave the "evil spirits" and fabled dangers of the mysterious islands, and it was therefore not by design that Sir George Somers found himself upon their shores.

It happened in this way. In June, 1609, seven ships and two

pinnaces set sail from Plymouth Sound for the newly founded settlement of Virginia ; one of the ships, the *Sea Venture*, flying the flag of Sir George Somers.

On July 23 a gale sprang up, the ships were driven apart and the next day the *Sea Venture* was battling her lonely way through a hurricane. A member of the company on board thus describes the storm : " Winds and seas were as mad as fury and rage could make them, our clamours were drowned in the winds, and the winds in thunder. The sea swelled above the clouds and gave battle unto heaven. It could not be said to rain ; the waters like whole rivers did flood the air." This description is not exaggerated ; those who have seen a hurricane at sea describe the heavy rain as being borne along on the rushing wind, *parallel to the surface of the sea*.

It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that the little *Sea Venture* began to leak, and even though the mariners attempted to stop up the leaks with pieces of beef, the water gained upon them until soon there were nine feet of water in the hold.

For three days and three nights the men laboured to save the ship, but all in vain, and the end seemed very near. On the third night St. Elmo's fire appeared " like a faint star," writes an eye-witness, " trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze half the height upon the mainmast and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud. At which, Sir George Somers called divers about him and showed them the same, who observed it with much wonder and carefulness ; but upon a sudden, towards the morning, they lost sight of it and knew not which way it made."

Early next day, July 28, when hope was almost gone, Sir George Somers, who had never left his post, sighted land. The sinking ship was safely brought into shallow water and rested between two shoals. The company of 140 men and women were landed safely on one of the densely wooded islands of the Bermudas, which was called later St. George's Island.

Adventure did not, however, end with landing, for though no demons put in an appearance, the shipwrecked people had to win the means of life from the waterless and uninhabited island. Receptacles were made to catch the frequent rain ; rough huts were built

and thatched with palmetto leaves; wild hogs, birds, turtles and fish were caught and these, with some native berries, provided plentiful food.

Tools and stores were recovered from the *Sea Venture*, and in September the long-boat, fitted with a deck and provided with oars, sails and stores set off with a crew of seven men to reach Virginia. But the little craft never reached any shore and the brave sailors went to an unknown death.

In March and April, 1610, two vessels, one of eighty tons and the other of thirty tons, were built of island cedar, and in these Admiral Somers and his companions safely reached Virginia in the month of May.

Before they left Bermuda a cross, made of some of the timbers of the *Sea Venture*, was set up in Sir George Somers' garden and inscribed: "In memory of our great Delivuerance, both from a mighty storme and leake: we have set up this to the honour of God."

When the adventurers arrived at Jamestown they found the little settlement on the verge of starvation. Sir George Somers and his ship's company volunteered to return to Bermuda for a supply of hogs and fish. They met with fog and storm and were driven out of their course, but eventually reached Bermuda in safety. After this last gallant effort the Admiral's strength failed and he died in Bermuda the same year at the age of fifty-six. His heart was buried in his garden at St. George's and his embalmed body was taken to England and buried in the ancient church of St. Candida, Whitechurch, Dorset.

The colony thus founded has continued to prosper and has always been under British rule. Never, even for a day, has another flag waved over it in sign of dominance, and, as a modern writer says: "The Bermuda of to-day is composed largely of families bearing the pioneer names, and each has its traditions, which form a part of the Colony's history."

Sir George Somers' victory was one of peace, a victory over sea and tempest, over superstition and fear, over dangers by sea and land; not a conquest of barbaric natives or warlike men, but a victory

over Nature herself. Here, indeed, in this great Sea Adventure may be found an inspiration for all intrepid sailors—girls as well as boys—who share alike in the tradition handed down from those romantic pioneers.

E. Benson

On the Wings of Imagination

By Mary I. Houston

LOOKING out across the snowy Canadian landscape, Molly Brown hoped fervently that no one but herself had heard the sigh that escaped her at the sight of little sister Peggy making what she called "impwessions" in the soft snow.

"Not much of an impression any member of this family will ever make. What's the use of being a Guide at all if—if one lives on the edge of a humdrum town in a humdrum age and does all sorts of hum——"

Then somehow—it might have been a shifting cloud stopping to gaze at itself in the glittering snow-mirror below—Molly seemed to see something in the corner where she, Molly Brown, Canadian Girl Guide, had thrown herself down earlier in the day and made an impression that had called forth extravagant commendation from little Peggy.

"Why, it's just like an angel, Molly. When you moved your arms up, it made wings. Oh, let me try it, let me try."

Farther along were little Peggy's "trials," but it was at her own impression that Molly was looking now, and something seemed to be happening to it.

"Why—why, that's—that's a woman. Oh, I know, it's Madame Hébert. Isn't it funny how she, the wife of the very first Canadian

farmer, in the queer clothes she wore more than three hundred years ago, should fit into that impression."

Then Molly knew that it was more than the clothes that were fitting in. Something of the—she was too shy to call it the spirit—of the courageous French woman was there. It had taken courage and it had meant sacrifice to leave a comfortable home among friends to make the first real home in a new land. It had taken more than courage. It had taken imagination, as well, to see beyond and visualize the Canada to be; energy to help make it come true; resourcefulness to use the homely things at hand, and cheerfulness to help bear up under disappointments.

"I *know* it's Madame Hé——" but again the shadow shifted. "No—it's some one younger; why, it's Madeleine de Verchères. How brave and straight and true she looks, almost as if she knew that two hundred and twenty-five years afterwards Canadian girls would be making a heroine of her. She didn't plan to be a heroine when, left alone with two small brothers, an old man of eighty, two cowardly soldiers, and a handful of women, she held the little fort against enraged Indians. Perhaps, had she known, it would have been easier to be brave—but she didn't know. She did the only thing there was to do, not the easy thing, but the right thing. She had loyalty and courage and—yes, imagination, too, to see beyond the band of angry Indians to a white man's Christian country that she must save. She saw——"

But already the shadow was fading and the one who now filled the impression was a clear-eyed woman who, as Molly looked, seemed ready to start off on that walk on an early summer morning to warn a Canadian commander of plans of the enemy.

"Laura Secord! Of course she couldn't do anything but go." Unconsciously the girl spoke aloud. "Her husband fell sick, the honour of her country was at stake, she did the only thing she could. She, too, was loyal to God and the King, helpful to others, resourceful, energetic, yes, and I am sure she had imagination. I know she saw beyond those days of war to the time when the very bit of land she was saving would be called the 'Garden of Canada.' It couldn't have been interesting, living in a quiet part of the world, keeping



From the Painting by
C. W. JEFFERYS.

LAURA SECORD.

house, washing, ironing, baking, and yet she did something to make her remembered all these years. I can just see how brave and true she looked——”

But that was just what Molly couldn't see, for where a moment before the impression of Laura Secord had been, was now a more familiar figure.

“Oh, oh, it's Grandmother Evans, and that's the very sun-bonnet she wore when she took that walk alone through the woods to bring the doctor when Grandfather was hurt with the falling tree. She carried Uncle John, who was a baby, and no one could ever tell how she found her way there and back and saved Grandfather's life. Why, I do believe she was almost as brave as Laura Secord, and her name hasn't been mentioned in any book of heroines, either.” Shyly——“I am so glad she fits into my impression, I am glad——”

But Molly didn't finish. Surely *that* wasn't Grandmother Evans, that girlish figure in blue and white. That wasn't Grandmother's sunbonnet, that flowing white drape that seemed to lose itself in the glistening snow. It was a nurse's veil. Molly couldn't see the face clearly, but it didn't matter. They had all been so wonderful, those Canadian war nurses who had gone across the sea to care for the brave soldiers.

“And *she* fits in, too. Why, they all do, they are all heroines, but most of them hadn't an idea that they were anything at all but faithful wives and mothers and daughters, and true loyal citizens of a big, young country, but they *were* heroines, and Guides. They were all loyal to God and the King, helpful to others, forgetful of self, courteous, gentle, resourceful and true. And I think——” Molly looked again across the field and saw only the impression she had made in the snow. Standing out clear and glistening, where her sturdy young arms had moved, were the wings that little Peggy had admired.

“I'll call them the wings of imagination,” she said softly. “They fitted them all. If it hadn't been for that, they might never have done what they did. Perhaps they can help me look beyond, and, yes, look back across the years and see what they saw, in war time, fifty, one hundred, two hundred, yes, and three hundred years ago.

All the heroines didn't have their names in books, but they were all Guides—pioneers and trailmakers—and they were all headed in the right direction. Even those who were famous didn't set out to do great things. They did the only thing there was to do, with the only means at hand to do it, and they left the rest to—God."

And somehow there was a new light in Molly Brown's clear young eyes as she turned from the window to answer the call of a baby brother, to fold up the faded dress she had been mending, and to make quite sure that the potatoes were ready to boil for dinner.

Mary I. Houston

"In purity of character and in politeness of manners, labour to excel all if you wish to equal many."—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Padmāvati

By Bella Sidney Woolf

"I am the slave of the spirit of the quest."—*Kabir*.

MILE upon mile of jungle—arcades of living green—impenetrable thickets—open park-lands with sun-dappled turf—garlands of fragrant blue jungle flowers—or hanging clusters of golden cassias—haunt of the elephant and leopard—with here and there a stately city of stone and brick—temple and palace and library and dagaba.

From this wonderland in the fourteenth century, the Sinhalese princess Padmāvati went to India as the bride of Ratan Sen—Chief of all the proud Rajput Princes and "Rana" of Chittore. Padmāvati was endowed with all the beauty and all the virtues that become a princess of real life, and she lived happily far from her home, a devoted wife and mother.

Her charms and gifts excited the envy of Alla-ud-din, the Mohammedan Emperor of Delhi, and he invaded Chittore, hoping to capture both the city and the Princess. But the warriors of Rajasthan repulsed him, and eventually Alla-ud-din abandoned force and resorted to guile.

He made friends with the too-trusting Ratan Sen and was given—under escort—a glimpse of the beautiful Padmāvati reflected in mirrors. With this he professed himself content, and the Rajput chief accompanied Alla-ud-din to the foot of his fortress. His generosity was rewarded by a hidden ambush. Ratan Sen was made prisoner. The Mogul prince demanded Padmāvati in exchange for her husband's freedom.

But woman's wit was equal to Alla-ud-din's villainy. Padmávatí promised to surrender with her ladies, on condition that they might proceed in covered litters to the victor's camp. Seven hundred litters issued from Chittore, carried by armed soldiers disguised as porters. Half an hour was granted for a parting between Ratan Sen and his wife. He was then placed in a litter and borne away. Then there issued from the seven hundred litters Rajput soldiers, who fought to the death while Ratan Sen on a swift horse galloped to Chittore. When Alla-ud-din and his followers arrived in pursuit, the rest of the Rajput chiefs and their followers fell upon them with such fury that Alla-ud-din raised the siege.

But Alla-ud-din did not abandon his pursuit. He gathered fresh forces and fell upon Chittore once more. Eleven out of twelve of Ratan Sen's sons fell, and the Rajputs knew the end had come.

Padmávatí, calm, beautiful, devoted—together with her ladies—determined on the fearful sacrifice of "Johur" sooner than fall into the hands of the Mogul Emperor. In the huge subterranean cavern the vast funeral-pyre was lighted, and one by one the women of Chittore flung themselves in the flames.

The king had now lost everything but one son. He commanded the youth to escape through the enemy's lines. Meanwhile, he flung open the gates and charged into the ranks of the enemy. He and his followers died to a man.

Alla-ud-din entered Chittore: an empty town—empty streets—a silence of the grave. He sought for Padmávatí. Only one frightened child could be found in the whole of Chittore. "Where is the Princess Padmávatí? Where are her women?" cried the conqueror.

The child, trembling, led him to the cavern, from which the smoke still issued.

* * * * *

Nearly seven centuries have passed, but the virtue and wifely devotion of Padmávatí burn brightly as the fatal fire in which she perished. By a strange irony, a Mohammedan poet who lived three

centuries later, wrote of this princess and made her life symbolic of the quest of the soul for truth—the trials through which the spirit passes till it obtains purification by supreme sacrifice.

Believe Sidney W. Woolf

"Purity is the feminine, truth the masculine of honour."—HARE.

Left to King John

By Enid Leale

AND all that was left to King John of his great Duchy of Normandy were the Channel Islands—Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney and Sark."

That is the bare historical fact which every one seems to know about the little islands across the Channel; but it seems such a dreary piece of information to anyone who has the least idea of their beauty and their history.

In the Channel Islands one need never get away from the sea, which is the islanders' greatest friend, and, alas! at times their greatest enemy, for the rocky coasts and the heavy gales are responsible for many a tragedy. But in olden days fishing was the staple industry of the islands, and even now, when fruit-growing and stone-work provide occupation for most of the people, the love of the sea is as strong as ever.

Isolated and lonely as they were for many years, it is no wonder that the lively imagination of the islanders peopled their tiny domain with fairies, witches, demons and all kinds of supernatural beings. One is inclined to the opinion that the winds and storms must be partly responsible for this, because to those who live in bleak and desolate places the wind often seems like a voice, and the havoc wrought by weather might well be attributed to some unearthly agency. Indeed, the belief in witchcraft has not long died out in some parts of the islands.

Some of the rocks, worn into curious shapes by wind and weather, have given rise to most beautiful legends. One Guernsey rock in particular was for many years regarded as especially sacred to the

sailors because it resembled a monk in hood and cowl who sat for ever praying for the fishermen and gazing out to sea.

Originally, so the story runs, this monk was an arch-druid, the last of his creed to resist Christianity. He was so greatly distressed when his fellow-priests gave up the druid religion that he went to live a hermit-life in one of the caves at the south-east of the island. He had always loved the sea and spent a great deal of his time sitting on the shore. One day a terrible storm was raging, and, seeing a ship in distress, he prayed to the heathen gods to quiet it so that the vessel might get safely to port. But the gods were deaf. In despair, the hermit cried to the God of the Christians for help, vowing that if only the ship were saved he would become a Christian and dedicate a chapel to the True God. His prayers were heard; the vessel arrived safely in port, and the heathen priest kept his promise.

At his death, as a reward perhaps of his faithfulness, and in recognition of his love of the sea and his care for those who spend most of their time on its waters, he was set to watch and pray by the sea. And there is the little stone figure to be seen to this day. The Guernsey people call it "*Le petit bon-homme Andriou*," and for many years the fishermen used to cross themselves as they passed it in token of their respect for all that the figure represented. Here is a "*sermon in stone*," indeed, for Andriou typified an endless prayer sent up to Heaven "*for those in peril on the sea*."

There was one woman who braved those perils and whose name has never been forgotten by the Channel Islanders, and that was Margaret, Madame de Cartaret, Dame of St. Ouen's, Jersey. The early ancestors of the de Cartarets lived in Normandy, but when King John lost that duchy the family settled in Jersey, where their very name soon became a synonym for all that was true and loyal.

During the reign of King Henry VII, St. Ouen's Manor was held by Sir Philip de Cartaret.

Now, the Governor of the island, Matthew Baker, was jealous of Sir Philip, and by the help of a few other men, as mean and treacherous as himself, raised a conspiracy against him, and actually succeeded

in getting Sir Philip thrown into prison on the terrible but utterly false charge of disloyalty to the King.

News of the arrest and of this most infamous accusation were brought to Sir Philip's wife a week after the birth of her little son. She was also informed that orders had been given that no boats of any description were to set sail from Jersey without express permission of the Bailiff, another unscrupulous official, who was a mere tool in Matthew Baker's hands.

And the only person to whom appeal could be made was King Henry himself! But how could Margaret, weak and helpless as she was, cross the Channel and make her way to London?

Everything was against her: her own health, the wind and the weather, and the highest power in the island; she had nothing on her side but her own determination and her sure faith in her husband's honour.

So in spite of all obstacles she made the journey.

Matthew Baker, the Governor, was, as she knew, also on his way to King Henry's Court with the charge against Sir Philip: this knowledge was but a spur to her own efforts, and she actually arrived at Poole (in Dorset) when Baker himself was in the town. Thanks to a storm which forced Baker and his men to take shelter, the Lady of St. Ouen's was able to land without being seen by her enemies. She pushed on to Salisbury and then to London, making the journey on horseback.

Evidently the name of de Cartaret was one to conjure with, for Margaret was graciously received at Court, where the King listened to her story with sympathy and kindness. The word of this brave woman who had faced the dangers of the Channel in an open boat was not to be lightly regarded. The King promised every possible help and gave orders that Sir Philip should be released immediately.

As Margaret was leaving the Council Chamber she came face to face with Baker.

Imagine his astonishment! Baffled by a woman whom he had supposed to be ill in bed. How in the world had she beaten him in this race to London? He found that King Henry was fully prepared

to meet him, and his treachery was rewarded by instant dismissal from office.

Fact, after all, is stranger than fiction, and the experiences of any heroine of romance can hardly equal those of Margaret, Lady of St. Ouen's.

And there is another brave woman whose name may well be revered by anyone who comes from the Channel Islands, for she gave her life in the service of the women of the islands.

You may have heard of the loss of the *Stella*, which was wrecked off the Casquets rocks about twenty years ago. When the stewardess was handing round the life-belts, she found that there was one short, so the terrible choice lay between her own safety and that of one of the passengers. She did not hesitate, but fixed the belt round the passenger with the simple words: "You must have it: you are in my charge."

Poor Mary Rogers was lost, but the memory of that brave deed will never die.

Perhaps we are all a little too apt to look back to "olden days" for examples of courage and heroism. The romance of bygone ages appeals to us more strongly than the romance of to-day; we think too much of what people did instead of what people still do.

It is the same with beauty—"other" places have their charm and attraction, but, curiously enough, never the places where we are living. That has even been said by people living in our own islands, and it seems so very curious, for, be assured, you will never find wonder, charm, and beauty anywhere in this world if you cannot find enough and to spare in the little sea-girt islands that were left to King John.

E. L.

"Courage is the thing: all goes if courage goes. Be not merely courageous, but light-hearted and gay."—SIR JAMES BARRIE.

“Umā—the Mother”

By Abamindradath Tagore

HIMAVAT and Menakā, King and Queen of the Northern Mountains, had daughters lovely as the Morning and Evening Stars. The Devas,—glorious rulers of unseen and unknown spaces,—came and courted them and bore them away, one after the other, to regions of unapproachable distance, far above their earthly home.

Then came Sati—Truth itself—as new-born light into the darkened home of the Mountain King, and there she grew up, outshining in beauty the Stars, her sisters.

The Mountain people called her Himavati, the snowdrop ; the King called her Pārvati, child of the Rocks ; but Menakā, her mother, gave her the sweetest of all names—Umā, the mother. And they all wondered which of the gods would come to ask her for his spouse.

Siva, the Pure, the Good, the god who for ever goes begging from door to door, came wandering to the Himalayas, where at length he rested in meditation—calm and silent like the eternal snows. And Umā gave herself up to the service of Siva, stringing for the god rosaries of lotus seed, fresh each day, wet with the morning dew, cool to touch. And thus, with the desire deep in her heart of being wedded to him who is Good, who is Pure, who, god of gods, yet goes begging as the poorest of the poor, did Pārvati wait on Siva.

Spring arrived in the Mountains. At the touch of the golden bough of the Wishing Tree which shaded Siva's seat, Umā blossomed out in youth and grace. And her secret wish was whispered through

and through the peaceful retreat of Siva by the spring breezes, fragrant with the scent of many a flower.

At last the long, long days of his meditation came to an end and Siva opened his eyes. Umā stood before him, bending with the burden of her love and devotion. For one brief moment the colours of spring touched and lit up the snow-peaks, and Hara-Gauri looked upon each other as through the veil of a golden mist.

Then rose sudden clouds overcasting the white light of the spring morning; lightning flashes darted forth from unseen depths of darkness, setting on fire the green of the hill slopes; thunder pealed like the laughter of Rudra, the dread god of Destruction. The shadow of a great anxiety fell upon the King of the Mountains. The Queen Mother rushed forth, like a mountain torrent, crying out: Umā, Umā!

At the height of the tumult, as a beam of light breaking through some rift in the pervading gloom, comes Nārada, softly playing on his Vina sweet strains of hope, bidding all to rejoice.

For Siva has claimed his bride.

Shall Siva then espouse Pārvati?

Yes, indeed, Siva shall be united to Sati, the Good to the True,
But Siva is so poor!

Aye, but none the less, with the power of his goodness, has he conquered Death. Life comes from him, in him Life finds its sustenance, unto him Life returns. Even the gods, with all the wealth of their divinity, do him worship.

But our heart continues to yearn for our own little daughter Umā, and cries: Will she never, never come back to our own little home?

Siva has claimed her. With Siva she must abide. But as Mother she shall come back to us all.

But when, oh when?

When the snows do melt and the rivers come running down.

Abanindranath Tagore
13



From the Painting by
ABAMINDRADATH TAGORE.

UMĀ—THE MOTHER.

The Guiding Hand

By O. M. Kindersley

THE senna blossoms fell in a shower of golden rain, and the coolies swept them into golden mounds on either side of the road. And down through the rain a small Malay girl hurried along—her scarlet sarong adding another note of colour to the landscape.

Halimah had no time to lose. At the far end of the road, in a little attap-covered bungalow, the white mem's baby was to be seen for the first time. Halimah knew the ayah, and the ayah had promised that she should be allowed to see for herself the beautiful *anak puteh* that was in her charge. But she must come at the quiet hour when the mem was sleeping—and she must creep up the stairs at the back, that led from the compound into the baby's room. Halimah had not slept all night for excitement. Never had she seen a white baby, but she had heard the women in her own *campong* speaking of them—and her little soul was filled with desire.

Swiftly she sped across the grass—her bare feet making no sound—and with beating heart she peeped up at the verandah where her friend the ayah was watching for her. Up the steps she crept and silently followed her guide into the darkened room where the treasure lay. How still the room was! The shutters let in only a soft shaft of light that marked the spot where the white muslin-covered cot was standing. Breathlessly Halimah approached it—and standing on tiptoe peered into the frilly depths. "Aieé!" she exclaimed in an awestruck whisper, then stood spellbound

gazing at the sleeping child. How beautiful! So fair, so altogether lovely!

Then came a sudden inspiration, and with passionate eagerness Halimah turned to the ayah and said impetuously: "See, then, go you to your *makan* (food) and I will watch the white mem's baby."

The ayah hesitated, but knowing from experience that her charge would probably sleep on for another hour at least, she replied that Halimah might remain if she liked, and she would eat her rice in the compound behind. Halimah watched her depart, and then returned to the cot. With her life she would guard the sleeping child—but oh, that the baby would wake and need her—oh, that in some way, by some means, she might be brought into closer touch with her.

Down on the bare wood floor the small figure stretched itself out, and stared up with longing eyes at the tiny form lying in the cot just above her head.

Suddenly the frilly sheets moved—the soft laces parted—and a crumpled rose-leaf fumbled its way out.

Halimah watched the baby fingers helplessly opening and shutting, and waving feebly between the white bars. What should she do? What *could* she do? Ayah had forbidden her even to touch her precious charge, but what if the baby were frightened—what if the baby should cry?

With a boldness that was born of sacrifice, Halimah lifted her own small brown hand, and enclosed the little white one that was groping through the bars. What would happen? Would the wonderful little pink blossom pull itself away? It was holding closely—clinging feebly but securely. . . .

Half an hour later, ayah returned from her *makan* and looked into the darkened room. The two children slept soundly, the tiny white hand of the English baby enclosed in the brown hand of the little Malay girl.

For some minutes she stood silently looking at them, and there was questioning and wondering in her simple mind.

But it was not given to her to look into the future, when after long

years the scene was suddenly re-cast, and the curtain raised on a blazing afternoon of tropical sunshine. Beneath a swaying arch of senna blossom, the two once more clasped hands, as the solemn words of the Guide promise rang out through the listening air.

With Montague Kinsdenley.

The Homemakers

By J. Alex. Robinson

“Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty; where
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.”

—Thomson.

WHEN first a girl joins the Guides she promises three things:—

To do her best

(1) To be loyal to God and the King;

(2) To help other people at all times;

(3) To obey the Guide Law.

Therein lies the secret of citizenship for man and maid alike—religion, loyalty, comradeship, obedience to lawful authority.

The lines from Thomson's "Seasons" are quaint. "Plenty" suggests a limitation to life's material things. Its deeper meaning is "abounding charity," whilst "polished" implies courtesy and kindness.

Girlhood's horizon is far more wide than in earlier days, but throughout the centuries theirs is one especial privilege; women will ever be the homemakers of the world.

We live in an age of rapid development. In the lifetime of the man and woman of forty, each decade has been as rich in development as any century preceding. Insularity has been destroyed by electricity; distance almost annihilated by modern means of transportation by land and sea and air. Dobbin has given place to the motor-car;

the full-rigged ship to floating palaces. Journeys of weeks are performed by aircraft in hours. Alcock and Brown lunched at Lester's Farm, near St. John's, and breakfasted in Ireland. Moving pictures have brought to the doors of lettered and unlettered the greatest actors and actresses of the age. The gramophone has made the sweetest music of the world available anywhere and at any time.

The barriers of time and space are no longer insurmountable. The heritage of the ages has been incalculably increased by the triumphs of art and science and inventive genius. The home of the past met the needs of the time. The home of the future will make greater demands on the makers of the home.

The Boy Scout movement has accomplished much. It has revived the spirit of chivalry and inspired pride and pleasure in service. The ideals of the Girl Guides are similar, but on the girls of the present age rest responsibilities that the boys may share only in degree. The girls of to-day are the wives and mothers of to-morrow. The homes of Britain and of Britain overseas have been the Empire's justifiable pride. If they are to continue so, the homemakers must be fitted for the work. They must be alert, receptive, inventive, active, strong of body, strong of mind, and lofty in ideal. The mothers of the past, with smaller opportunities, played their parts on a limited stage, and played them well. It is a far larger stage, with far more numerous and more helpful properties, on which the mothers-to-be will face life's footlights. For the Girl Guides the present is the prelude, and as that is performed, so will they become the makers of homes or the keepers of hotels, the mothers of men or of human driftwood.

All cannot be equally alert or vigorous, but education and effort work wonders. The Girl Guide movement recognizes that self-education is an essential accompaniment of, or supplement to, the training of the schools. As Lady Baden-Powell has said: "It is a system of voluntary self-education in character, handicraft, service for others, and health and physical development, brought about through a form of a game which appeals to the girls themselves."

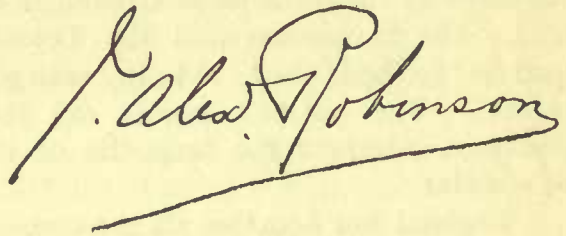
Whilst that game may be similar in all lands, it must vary with climates, countries, and environment. The golden thread of a common purpose is everywhere. The essential features of home-making are the same in Australia as in Canada, in South Africa as in Newfoundland. The Dominions and the Colonies differ from the Motherland in methods but not in interpretation of "Home, Sweet Home." The nation's homes are the bulwark of the nation's greatness. Imperil the home-life of the Empire and therein may lie disaster.

England has beauties all her own—lordly acres enriched by the tilth and tillage of the centuries; smiling orchards, with their nectar fruitage of green and gold and purple; winding lanes, incomparable for charm; hedgerows and wild flowers whose fragrance is as the breath of Paradise. She has her majestic cathedrals and churches, hallowed by the sainthood and the service of the ages; her stately palaces and castles, whose every stone is history; her mansions, farmsteads and cottages; mediæval towns, and quaint villages that date from Cæsar's and the Saxon days. Hers is a heritage the world may well envy, and in the joy and pride of it, the children of her children share, though oceans roll between.

If there be less culture in Colonial life, there is compensation. There is greater freedom, less restraint, room for expansion. Newfoundland may not enjoy the privileges of the land from which so many of her sons and daughters came in bygone years, but the spice and spur of adventure is in her every cove and inlet. Within her borders is a vast expanse of land and lake and river. A summer of unexcelled beauty and a winter of splendour and delight are hers. England is a paradise of man's making, Newfoundland a paradise of Nature, the more attractive because of its variety, its extremes of temperature, its rugged grandeur, and its sylvan glories.

Just as the Home-life is the jewel of Britain, so is it of this Gibraltar of the New World. The Homemaker is here as there. If the responsibilities of girls—whether maids or matrons—are great, their privileges are greater. Any movement that will guide them aright and enable them to use their God-given gifts and intuitions

for the betterment of the World to-day and the World-to-be, demands the cordial support of all that is best in the citizenship of either sex, in every land.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "P. Alex. Robinson". The signature is written in dark ink and is underlined with a single horizontal stroke.

"The man's work for his own home is to secure its maintenance, progress, and defence ; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness."—RUSKIN.

A South African Declaration

By A. M. Hanley

WHAT we have is a country wide as the sea, grateful as a garden, and endearing as a mother, "a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread and without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." . . . Yes, and gold, and diamonds, and coal, and more than the wealth of El Dorado.

We have sunshine spilled over, and flowers incomparable, space uncompassed and the silence of clear nights, and the arch of stars. We have men and women, to make or to mar, white men, brown men, black men. Behind us is their book of deeds, some shining, some dark, before us the clean page. . . . We have freedom and pleasure, and power, vigour of body, and the joy of life.

What we have not is unity. The nations and races of our land have not the same eye and ear and tongue to see and hear and speak one message of high destiny, infinitely varied whilst unalterably the same. Without unity we are without concord, and without concord we are without peace, whereon to fashion the spiritual architecture of the commonwealth.

We have not unlimited and inexhaustible ideals. To break in

the land, to break out the gold, to subjugate intractable regions and incompatible policies has absorbed our people's energies and confined their minds to tangible rewards. Loyalties to visions of art and letters and religions have yet to become implicit, and enthusiasms to be born for the losing causes by which new worlds are won.

We have all things at a price, but we have not the things that are beyond price.

The Guide spirit is welcome to our souls as a fountain in the bare Karroo, sun-soaked and athirst, but potentially capable of blossoming as the rose. It is a channel to irrigate our immediate patch of unbearing land. To formless aspirations of service and sacrifice it gives shape and substance. With it we shall open the closed door of our house of noble dreams and enter to work upon our goodly heritage. . . .

A. M. Hawley



From the Painting by
SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

NATURE'S JOYOUS RIOT.

Nature's Joyous Riot

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder

THE Sky, the Earth, the Sea—and all that in them is:
The far-off worlds in boundless spheres of space,
The sunshine breathing life within our Mother Earth
The oceans with their tides and teeming depths.

The Sky, the Sea, the Earth—and all that in them is:
Link'd 'neath the triune arc—of Hope and Faith and Love,
(This God's Bow gleaming through the darkling forest aisles
Inspires the light for cloisters built by men).

The Earth, the Sea, the Sky—and all that in them is:
A motley, live, and joyous family,
All pulsing hand in hand in good accord
As comrades in the Maker's mighty scheme.

The Trefoil marks an inner band of blue—the Guides
Whose aim is laid to find, and show, the way;
To play our part in Service for the whole,
And bring about great new-born fruits of Love.

Robert Baden-Powell

Monsieur:

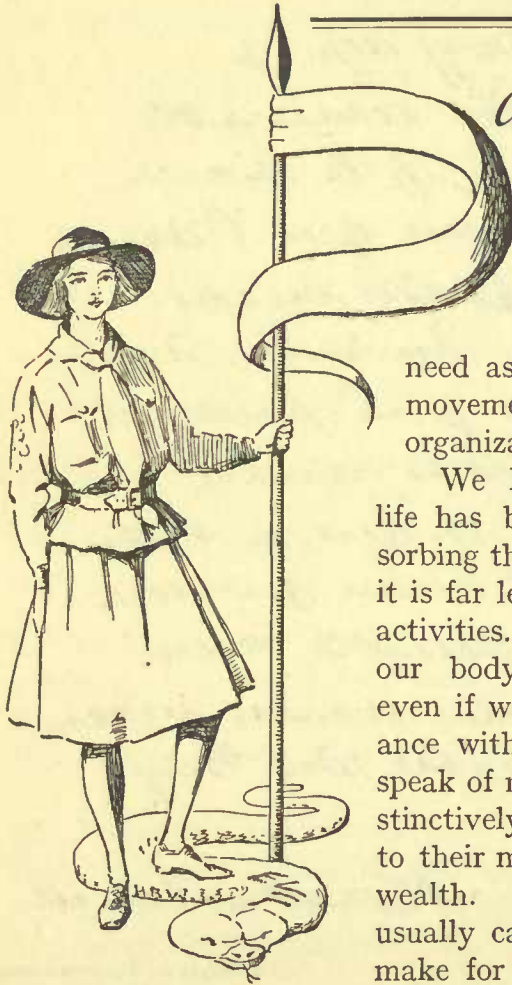
Membre de voyage, je
trouve votre amiable
lettre. Ken, je le crains,
trop tard pour que l'article
demandé puisse encore
être utile. Du reste, dans
cet article je ne pourrai
guère vous dire autre
chose que ce que je vous
dis ici. C'est donc que vous
fondez un si noble œuvre
intéressante, aussi néces-
saire que celle des Boy-
Scouts.

M. Maeterlinck

A MESSAGE IN FACSIMILE FROM
MAURICE MAETERLINCK

TRANSLATION

I find your kind letter awaiting my return. I am afraid it is too late for the article you ask still to be useful. Moreover, in that article I could scarcely say more to you than I say here. The work that you have founded seems to me as interesting and as necessary as that of the Boy Scouts. . . .



atriotism

By Emile Cammaerts

THERE has never been so much need as at the present time for such a movement as that which promoted the organization of the Girl Guides.

We live in a period when economic life has become so intricate and so absorbing that people are apt to forget that it is far less important than other human activities. Individually we realize that our body is made to serve our soul, even if we do not behave in full accordance with this principle. But when we speak of nations and social groups, we instinctively estimate their value according to their material and not to their spiritual wealth. We understand that what is usually called "success in life" does not make for happiness and contentment, and

our everyday experience shows us that we can only feel satisfied if we have done our duty and a great deal more. But it is more difficult for us to grasp that, as a nation, our fate is equally bound up with the justice and generosity of our decisions.

Whether we are British, French or Belgian, our deepest feeling of loyalty goes to our country. We are bound to her by early memories, by gratitude, by the most sacred of ties. Imagine, therefore, the



From the Painting by
EDMUND DULAC.

"DON QUIXOTE . IN HIS BLIND AND RASH ENDEAVOURS."

tragic situation of any man or of any woman who, in case of conflict, or even in matters of general policy, were obliged to admit that his or her country had taken the wrong turning. Individual education, therefore, is not sufficient. It must be strengthened by social education, and the latter cannot be begun too early. The family's influence is not enough. The school's influence does not entirely fulfil this purpose. New means must be found to bring a sense of social responsibility to a great number of boys and girls of all classes and all denominations who, by associating in the same tasks, will realize the importance of common work undertaken for a common aim, and understand that, as early as they are able to think, their happiness cannot be complete if they do not share it with their companions, and if they do not feel that they are labouring together for the spiritual greatness of their country.

The Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides are the only organizations which can develop this kind of enlightened patriotism among the young, and unless the young are made to feel it, to live for it, and to sacrifice themselves for it, it is useless to hope that it will ever reach the grown-ups. Most men and women have so many material worries, such constant preoccupations, that, unless they are able to draw upon a certain reserve of enthusiasm and idealism, they will gradually become blind to the most essential duties which ought to dominate human life.

Your movement is not merely national, since it ought to lead to fair play, not only between the citizens of the same state, but between all the states of the world. I may, however, be allowed to refer to it from the point of view of a small nation which has lately undergone a most severe trial for the very same principles of loyalty and chivalry for the defence of which you stand.

A great many things have happened since 1914. During the last months of the war, we already felt that the enthusiasm which lifted up the Allied nations in the defence of the cause of justice was on the wane. People have a short memory, and we are scarcely allowed to-day to refer to the ideals which were shouted from every house-top eight years ago. These ideals, however, remain the same. It is only human nature which has changed. Some people want to forget them, because they remind them of divisions which they are

anxious to efface. Others would like to forget them, because they would hamper the spirit of vindictiveness in which they indulge. As a matter of fact, they remain, to-day, as they were in August, 1914, the only guides to which we may cling in a much-troubled world. We do not want to be told that there is no difference between right and wrong, neither do we want to be told that anything but just and fair compensations may be exacted from a vanquished enemy. Justice must be blinded neither by greed nor by shortsighted generosity. Such are the very principles of chivalry on which the modern order of Girl Guides is based. The mediæval Knights and the Knights of the Round Table waged a pitiless war against deceit and brutality, impersonated by plundering barons and mythical giants. They protected the weak against the abuse of force, but they always preserved their wisdom, and resisted the blandishments of evil magicians. Such wisdom is as necessary to-day as it was in the past, though we do not happen to meet giants and magicians at every street corner. Let us remember that the type of decadent chivalry which brought about the ruin of the Order is typified by Don Quixote who tilted against windmills and did more harm than good in his blind and rash endeavours to defend imaginary victims. Let the new Orders beware of falling into the same mistake. Let them preserve a pure soul, a clear sight and a good memory.

Those who have tried, in one way or another, to influence public affairs and to devote themselves to the welfare of their brethren are faced with two dangers: the danger of leaving undone the things that they ought to do, and so missing a golden opportunity; and the danger of doing what they ought not to have done and to have to repent later on of their mischievous interference. When the oldest order of chivalry was founded, an order which binds all Christians together, its Master said to His disciples, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves"; and we have yet to find a man bold enough to add a word to such advice.

Emile Cammermeyer.

As Civilisadoras

*By His Excellency Don Domicio da Gama,
Brazilian Ambassador*

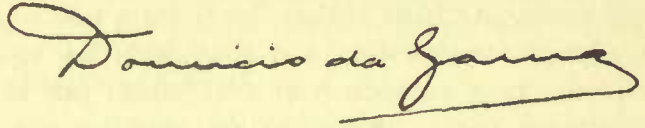
NO meu tempo, que já vae sendo o tempo antigo, era costume dizer no Brasil que merecemos a alcunha de macacos por sermos tão imitadores dos modos e modas do estrangeiro. Bem considerando não vejo que sejamos tão imitadores assim. As modas, a apparencia externa que fazia ha uns vinte annos o pobre Alberto Pimentel dizer que "o Rio civilisa-se" não alteram o fundo do character brasileiro, que é critico e sceptico e como tal individualista. É certo que adoptámos neste ultimo quarto de seculo algumas formas de vida de luxo e divertimento das outras grandes capitaes. Mas não será este *civilisamento* uma simples expressão da vaidade e ostentação de exterioridades, que é humano e mais certamente latino? Sob o passado regimen politico nos guiavamos pelo exemplo da Inglaterra parlamentar e municipal; agora é o federalismo e o industrialismo dos Estados Unidos que queremos imitar, com desigual successo. E talvez seja bem assim, porque uma imitação muito perfeita seria signal de uma plasticidade excessiva de character favorecendo o abandono de tendencias e preferencias nacionaes, a mudanca do casaco antigo, aconchegado e agazalhador pela vestimenta nova politica, vistosa e talhada segundo as regras, mas que acaso nos fique um pouco apertada nas cavas.

Uma coisa, porém, é imitar simplesmente, outra é seguir o bom exemplo e aproveitar da experiencia alheia no que nos interessa em commum com outros povos. Uma das licções da sabedoria social que mais nos tarda aprender é a da cooperação practica, da associação

no esforço para o bem commum. Se o brasileiro é critico e pouco espera de esforços isolados para vencer as difficuldades da vida, talvez o seu scepticismo se renda á ponderação de que as fallencias collectivas são mais raras. O feixe antigo dos lictores não é um symbolo vão. Nem ha sómente a resistencia a considerar na associação para qualquer empreza, nem tampouco se computam por mera addição os valores dynamicos dessa associação de energias diversas convergentes. A efficiencia maior do esforço organizado e systematico foi reconhecida por todos os povos progressivos e fortes, de cujo exemplo o Brasil se inspira. Mas, por força do individualismo nacional, por falta de enthusiasmo ou por alguma outra causa inhibitoria, no Brasil não medra como deveria esse factor ponderoso do progresso social. Não é que não haja entre nós muita gente dotada do espirito de associação e animada do enthusiasmo generoso pelas grandes causas nacionaes e humanas. Muitas associações se têm formado no Brasil sob o influxo de grandes esperanças, que se não confirmaram, porque cessou a acção pessoal d'aquelles dos seus membros que tinham a fé e o animo cooperativo e, o que é mais, essa sympathia humana, que obra milagres. Parece contradictorio que uma associação necessite para progredir da acção e influencia pessoal de alguns dos seus membros, mas a influencia maior desses provém principalmente do facto de serem elles os poucos entusiastas em uma agremiação que só deveria contar entusiastas. O que confirma a asserção de que o brasileiro não tem, desenvolvido e practico, o espirito de associação, apesar do grande numero de sociedades, clubs e gremios que contamos.

Não tem, mas deveria ter. E como meio de promover a educação publica nesse sentido não vejo nenhum mais efficaz e directo que o desenvolvimento dessa admiravel instituição civica das moças bandeirantes. A mulher brasileira que, graças a essa disciplina e aproveitamento das suas qualidades innatas, se prepara para bem cumprir a sua missão na vida, será a melhor propagandista da associação dos esforços para o melhoramento e progresso nacional. E é de esperar, dadas a constancia e a tenacidade femininas, que a instituição perdure e as Bandeirantes de hoje se revejam nas suas descendentes alistadas entre as Bandeirantes de amanha, successão tocante do sentimento gentil transmittido de geração em geração e manifestado

no proposito, humilde na sua modestia e alto pelo seu designio, de servir ao Brasil honrando o nome das brasileiras.



TRANSLATION

The Civilizing Influence of Women

In my time, which is now becoming the old times, we were in the habit of saying in Brazil that we deserved the nickname of monkeys because of our readiness to imitate foreign manners and customs. After much consideration I do not see that we are, in reality, such great imitators. Fashions and external appearances, which made poor Alberto Pimentel declare twenty years ago that "Rio is civilizing herself," do not fundamentally alter the Brazilian character, which is critical and sceptical and consequently individualistic. We have certainly adopted some forms of the life of luxury and amusement of other great capitals. But is not this civilization a simple expression of vanity and outward ostentation, a human quality and most certainly a Latin one? Under the political regime of the past we modelled ourselves upon the parliamentary and municipal customs of England; now it is the federalism and industrialism of the United States which we are trying to imitate, with less success. Perhaps it is best so, because a very perfect imitation would be the sign of excessive pliability of character which might incline us to abandon our national tendencies and prejudices, to change from the old style of coat, much shaped and braided, to the new political vestment, fine-looking and cut according to rule, but, perhaps, for us, rather tight-fitting.

It is one thing, however, simply to imitate and quite another to follow a good example and to profit by the experiences of others in those things in which, in common with other peoples, we find our interest. One of the lessons of social wisdom which we are late in learning, is that of practical co-operation and associated effort for the common good. If the Brazilian is critical, and expects little outward aid in solving the problems of life, he is, perhaps, compensated by the fact that collective mistakes are more rarely made. The rods of the ancient lictors are not a meaningless symbol. Nor, when we associate ourselves in any enterprise, have we alone resistance to consider; there is also immense dynamic value from the mere gathering together of various converging forces. The higher efficiency of organized and systematic effort has been recognized by all progressive and strong peoples, and their example inspires Brazil. But because of national individualism or the lack of

enthusiasm or from some other inhibiting cause, this powerful factor of social progress does not develop in Brazil as it ought. It is not that there are not among us many who are endowed with the spirit of association, and animated by generous enthusiasm for great national and human causes. Many associations have been formed in Brazil, carried forward by great hopes which in the end were not realized because they lost the personal touch of those members who had the faith and the spirit of co-operation and, what is more, that human sympathy that works miracles. It appears contradictory that, in order to progress, an association should depend upon the personal energy and influence of some of its members, but their greater power arises principally from the fact of their being the few enthusiasts in a body which ought to be made up of nothing but enthusiasts. This confirms the assertion that the Brazilian, notwithstanding the large number of societies, clubs and groups which we have, has not developed in a practical way the spirit of association.

As yet they have not acquired this spirit, but it must come, and, as a means of encouraging its growth in this sense, I see no influence likely to be more efficacious and direct than the development of that admirable civic institution, the Girl Guides. The Brazilian woman who, thanks to this discipline and development of her innate qualities, is preparing to fulfil well her mission in life will be the best propagandist for the value of associated effort in social improvement and national progress. In view of the constancy and tenacity of the feminine mind, it is to be hoped that the institution of the Guides will endure, and that the Guide of to-day may see her descendants enrolled among the Guides of to-morrow with the same kind spirit, handed on from generation to generation and shown by its desire, humble in its modesty and high in its intent, to serve Brazil and honour the name of Brazilian women.

DOMICIO DA GAMA.

The Guides of Brazil have taken the name of *Bandeirantes*—a designation applied to the pioneer explorers of the unknown interior of Brazil. They carried and planted the flag (*bandeira*) wherever they went, and thus added much new territory to their country.

“Fred med Are”

By Gudrun Jespersen

TIL NUTIDENS UNGDOM,—

I, som ejer Selvtillidens Værdighed, som er maalt bevidst i Handling og Stræben, I som har Overbevisningens Mod, Troen paa Eders Rettigheder og Ungdommens uovervindelige Livskraft—Verden har givet jer et Maal, som vil sætte alle disse Egenskaber paa Prøve, stille Muligheder i Udsigt og Vanskeligheder at overvinde, hvis Omfang ingen tidligere Generation har kunnet forestille sig.

Hvis I har arvet Vikings Aanden og Havets Tradition, kan det være, at som eders Forfædre gik paa Togt for at søge ukendt Land og nye Sejre, vil I nu søge at vinde Verdens-Freden og slaa Dragen med de tusind Hoveder—alle Nut idens Onder, som nær sluttet sig sammen om at tilintetgøre menneskelig Værdighed.

Den Ungdom af jeres egen Tid, som faldt i Krigen for det, de vurderede højere end deres Liv, har vist Vejen med deres Dødsforagt og Selvfornægtelse i Kampen for et ophøjet Maal.

Og Krigen er vunden, men den har efterladt et Dynd of Fordomme, Fjendtlighed, aandelig Fejghed, Graadighed, Hykleri og Forvirring, som stänger Vejen i hvert eneste civiliseret Land mod sand Menneskelighed og gensidig Forstaaelse.

Drag ud paa Togt for at vinde Fred!

Gudrun Jespersen

TRANSLATION

"Peace—with Honour"

To Modern Youth,—

You who have the dignity of self-reliance with purpose in bearing and outlook, the splendid courage of faith in your rights, and the indomitable spirit of youth, it is for you the world has set a task that will demand all these qualities—give you opportunities and difficulties to solve of an immensity never conceived of by former generations.

It is well if you have inherited the spirit of the Vikings and the tradition of the sea. May be, that as these, your ancestors, set out in search of new land and fresh conquests, so you will go to conquer the world peace by slaying the dragon with a thousand heads—the conspiracy of modern evils for the destruction of human dignity.

Those of your own time who fell fighting for what they held higher and valued more than life, have led the way by their fearlessness and power of self-negation for a sublime purpose.

The war is won, but it has left in its train prejudice, hostility, intellectual cowardice, greed, hypocrisy, heat and confusion, barring the way in every civilized country for a feeling of true brother- and knight-hood.

Go to conquer the peace!

GUDRUN JESPERSEN.

“*Lev Farlight*”

By Annie Furuhjelm, M.P.

“**L**EV farlight” så lydde i tiden de engelska sufragetternas valspråk. Alla deras metoder för vinnande av sina syften kunde man inte gilla, men väl den tanke som ligger till grund för valspråket : fullfölj utan fruktan ditt mål.

Lev farlight, var städse redo, låt inte feghet bestämma ditt handlingssätt ! Om du tror på någonting eller någon så var inte rädd att utsäga det ! Minns att det du hoppas med det bästa inom dig, det kan du föra till seger, likavisst som tron besitter en uppbyggande makt och tvivlet en nedbrytande.

Men om du lever så, då kommer du snart att finna att du lever farligt. De ljumma som inte vilja störas i sin ljumhet och däsiga ro, de kloka som frukta att stöta sig med dem som sitta inne med makten, de bliva dina fiender.

Minns att det är själarnas halt och ideal som bestämma ett tidskedes öde, sådant det utlöser sig i handling.

Håll din andes svärd städse skarpslipat och blankt !

Bejaka livet, lid modigt, lev farligt. Endast då har du levat. Ochngudarna skola le mot dig i döden.

Annie Furuhjelm

TRANSLATION

"Live Dangerously"

"Live dangerously" was at one time the motto of the English suffragettes. One could not approve of all the methods they employed to gain their purpose, but surely one must approve of the thought which underlies the motto "Accomplish your object without fear."

Live dangerously, be always prepared, do not allow cowardliness to decide your line of action. If you believe in anything or anyone, do not be afraid to say so. Remember that you can carry to victory that which your better self hopes for, just as surely as faith owns the power to build up and that doubt disintegrates.

But, if you live so, you will soon find that you live dangerously. The lukewarm who do not wish to be disturbed in their placid indifference, the shrewd who fear to offend those in power, they will become your enemies.

Remember that it is the quality and ideal of the soul as it shows itself in deed that decides the fate of a generation.

Keep the sword of your spirit ever sharp and shining.

Rise to the call of life, suffer bravely, live dangerously. Only then have you lived.

And the gods will smile to you in death.

ANNIE FURUHJELM

Fairies in Germany

By A. M. K.

“**T**HERE are none,” said the Traveller-Who-Had-Been-There-Before, “or if there are, they have forgotten how to play. And the fairy rings have been trampled out of shape by the waggons of war which passed over them nine long years ago.”

We were going to Germany. Through a flat country that seemed to pretend that it had never possessed any soul underneath ; where children with straight arms and legs stood stiffly on the station platforms to see the train go by ; and where men and women with inscrutable pale faces never dared to lift their eyes to the woods, that showed as a faint fringe upon the horizon.

I had looked instinctively to the woods, and immediately the pages of Grimm came tumbling about my ears. Little brown men with beards peeped round the bole of a fir-tree that we were passing at the moment ; an elderly goat in the next field began a confiding conversation with a sleek red fox, and before long they would both set off in search of the king's daughter ; the engine, with a sudden long-drawn breath, hissed out the magic name of “ Rumpelstiltskin ! ”

When I turned to my neighbour to share in this exciting discovery, the magic had somehow dissolved itself into the lights of the city, and she was gazing out on to them, with their mocking reflection in her eyes.

“ There's not much romance about Cologne, and as for hobgoblins, and little people, or whatever you may call them, they're as much ‘ verboten ’ as everything else in this benighted country. There are too many hard facts to get in the way, and we have to drive them



*From the Painting by
MARGARET TARRANT.*

"TWO OF THE STRAIGHT LITTLE CHILDREN
HAD STOPPED IN FRONT OF HER."

home in occupied territory. Keep your head screwed on, and don't start day-dreaming."

I was suddenly alone in a crowd that was like all the very worst caricatures come to life, dominated by sternly watchful figures in khaki, who ought never to have been there, if the fairies had not forgotten how to play. . . .

The great arc-lights were dazzling, and the voices unfriendly and uncouth. Above all, I was alone in Germany, and the spirit of romance was dead. . . . No, not wholly dead! A badge gleamed, and the passing people who were only phantoms after all, seemed to fade away, and the things that could never change loomed up between this girl and me. . . . The smoke of fires, and England, and the secret sharing of adventure that could not be denied by circumstance nor place.

I went to bed comforted, but even then not wholly sure. Comforted, because of the eyes of the Brown Owl, which held so much of the wisdom of the woods; not wholly sure on account of the sentries, and the suspicion, and the signs of war, which shut us in so noisily and so close. . . .

It was all part of the incongruity that the waiter who brought my breakfast should bring me also the invitation from the pack: to join their Fairy Ring that afternoon at some impossible address, whither an Elf would be waiting to conduct me from a point quite near the hotel. And there, amongst the bustling turmoil of it all, she stood, a little brown thing superbly unaware of what she was doing. It is wonderful what fairies *can* do in quite a small space, and this fairy was no exception to the rule. Two of the straight little children had stopped in front of her, and judging by the look on their faces, were groping furiously in their minds for the stories they had once been told; she had caused an incredibly fat lady to pull off the Mask of Material Things, and to put on an expression infinitely nicer; and I heard one war-worn veteran saying to another:

"Does yer heart good to see one o' them kids 'ere. Look out for 'er on the tram, Bill, and see she don't get knocked abawt."

But the Brownie could look out for herself, and for me too, it seemed, by casting a spell over the German conductor, who apparently

accepted her dignified demand for tickets in faultless imitation of his tongue, as one of the many things that required an explanation from those who had won the war.

Of my meeting with the elves and sprites, little people, fairies and gnomes, who were waiting in their own particular corner of Fairyland to hear all about the other little people everywhere, there is no need to dwell. They have a very long way to fly on their Magic Carpet to get into Brown Owl's Secret Wood, and it is quite difficult to find the spell that works on the central square of the Y.M.C.A.,—but they have found it.

It was dreadfully hard to come away, but for one reason I was almost glad to get back into the train. It was so *certain* that the little brown man would be peeping round his tree; so certain that the elderly goat would have been transformed into a prince, and have married his princess with the golden hair; and above all, so certain that the name of Rumpelstiltskin is the clue to many things.

There are fairies still in Germany.

A. M. K.

"I have thought of them sometimes . . . as the Young Enchanted. And it seems to me that England is especially the country of such men and women as these. All the other peoples of the world carry in their souls age and sophistication; they are far too old for that sense of enchantment, but in England, that wonder that is so far from common sense and yet is the highest kind of common sense, has always flourished. It is not imagination; the English have less imagination than any other race; it is not joy of life, nor animal spirits, but the child's trust in life before it has grown old enough for life to deceive it. That sense of enchantment remains with the English long after it dies with the men and women of other nations, perhaps because the English have not the imagination to perceive how subtle, how dangerous, how cynical, life can be. And think what that sense of enchantment might do for them if only their background would change. One day, when the earthquake comes, and the upheaval, and all the old landmarks are gone and there is a new world of social disorder for their startled gaze to rest upon, then you will see what these children of Enchantment will do."—*Galleon*.

Az Ébredés

Baroness Orczy

SIX óra Julius végén meleg estén. A nap még mindig irgalmatlanul süt a forró kövezetre és keskeny büzös utezákra Bpestén! és még mindig nemjön egy hives esti szellő, hogy üditse a fáradt tál hevitett várost. Az utezák zúfolásig voltak teloe gyerekekkel különböző kor és nagyságba, a hőség alig bantja őket, hiányosan öltözve futkároznak kiábulva egymásnak.

Száz meg száz kis művész nyujtozkodik a kövezeten aprokrétakal el látva festő ecset helyett és vászony hiányán a forró piszkos kövezet, erélyesen működnek esodálatos művészi alkotásokon. Az a kis levegő mely a zsafolt utezába terjedt, hagyma leves szagot árasztott egy kis étkező helyről a közeli sarokban, és mindent felülmút a leírhatatlan mosdatlan embesi szag. Hőség, por, legyek és büzők! Piha! Oh egy kis tiszta és hűvös levegőtt!

Szabo Sarolta jött le alépesön, egy roskadozo házból (haháznak lehet nevezni) holő és anyja lakott egy nyomoruságos szobába, lépteit a kiabáló gyermek sereg felé vezérelta, kis halvány arszán egy eltökélt kifejezéssel. Sarolta csak 12 éves folt de arsza inkább egy vén asszonyéhoz hasonlított, annyira keskeny és szeremsétlen kifejező volt. Senki sem látszott őt ismerni, vagy ötöt eszrevenni midőn a sokaságon át haladni igyekezett. Nem volt nepszerü fiatal elemekkel utezába. A gyerekek vénnek unalmasnak találták és nem igyekeztek őt játéka ikba be vonni. Anyja as estéket ley nagyobbbrészt a szomszédokkal pletykálva töltötte és Sarolta el hangagolva, egy szerenesétlen magányos kis teremtés volt, boldogság szeretet után vágzott és seholsen találhatta. Azonban egy eltökélt lélekkel volt megáldva és ma este el határozta, hogy a Városliget tágas nyitott útait felkeresi. Egy fa alá

lefeküdt és álmodozott a mint as eget szemlélte, álmodozott barátságról, szentetről és hasznos életről.”

Végre nyílti zöld térség, bár száz meg száz gyerek mindenütt, de egy paradiesom x utezájához hasonlítia. Itt legalább meg menekült a hagyma leves szagtól és némileg nem tetzett a levegő apoly fullaztónak. Egy árnyékos fát választva Sarolta le hevert, szemlélve a naptól ki égett füvett, a napot aközellelvő mesterséges tó vizén és halgatva agyerekek esevegését a mint a tó körül jdtszadoztak. Egy esoport Léany Vezető harsány jákétot üzött a liget egy, sarkába és Sarolta újra meg újra felējők fordította szmeit. Én Istenem menyire szeretnék hozzájok tartozni, szép kék egyenruhát viselni, velők játszani és barátságot kötny; irigykedve susogta magának, öknem látszanak el hagyatva mint a mélgen én vagyok. Szegény kis lelék! Teje kegyetlenül fájt és rémitoën fáradt volt. Szmeit le hunyta és el lebegett a tuneménges és bàmulatos álmok országába. “És ez volt azó álma.”

“AZ ALONI ”

Egy nyílt tér tàralt elötte nem voltak utezàk sem hàzak, esupàn egy oriàs térség és elejetöl végig teloe volt tobb sorban Leàny Vezetökkeln ezenen meg ezenen voltak a menugire a szem lathàtott.

Sarolta tàvol állott a nagy csoporttól egy kis donebon kissè felül emelve a többin. Egyszerre egy harsány sipot fujtak, a vezetök sora szèt foszlott és minden szakasz egy vezetö meg ett egy oriàsi csillagot alakított a vegtelenig el terjedve a látkor minden irángába és Sarolta észrevette, hogy Vezetök voltak minden színben és nemzeti-ségben; Angol Vezetök, Franczia Vezetök, Nemet Vezetök, Olasz Vezetök és fejük felett esodálatosan lebegett a levegöbe egy oriàs zászlò melyen ragyogott a világ összes Vezetöinek jelképe.

A tüneményes Háron, levelö fü, és alatta a hrineves Motto szavai “Légy készen.” Sarolta egyedül állott örködvé.

És hirtelenül valami esodálatos törtent. Nem tudva hagyán jutott oda, Sarolta álmába a essilag közepén találta mayát, egy magas nő arezába tekiutve a ki egy sététkék egyenruhába volt öttözve.

Ez Sarolta! végre eljöttél? mondá a nő. Nem kívànkozol Vezetö lenni és mind ezentestvèrekhez tartozni? és a körlüötte levő nagy sokaságra mutatott.

Sarolta hulgatva bàmult kezei idegesen csavargatták rongyos kis ruháját. Nem tudott beszélni mert tudta hogy sirásra fukad ha beszél, de sikerült fejét erélyesen bolintani. Amagas nő le hajolt és egy kis arany melltűt akasztott rahájára ugyan azon hàymlevelü füvet melyet minden Vezető viselt ruháján és mintán a esillag leg közepèbe àllította őt, sipjába fujt újra. Minden Vezető azonnal üdvözölte az ujjonon jött testvért és mindnyájan szeretó üdvözlő szemmel nézett reá. “Egy Vezető mindenkinek bayátja,” énekelték. Gyere Sarolta te most hozzàánk tartozol és réád szükségünk van. Ahangok minél inkább halványodtak a esillag és Vezetők el tűntek, házak és fák mutatkoztak mint tünemények, kiègett szàraz füvek, kiabáló gyermekek és Sarolta kinyitotta szemeit a kegyetlen világ valóságára.

Fel èbredt könnyekkel melyek arezàt el boriták és szívében egy nagy veszteség tudatával és egy ujjult érzésével a magányanak. Eszményképèt egy pillanatyra látta és most el lett tőle véve.

Ej gyermek mi a bajod ? meg ütötted magod ?

Sarolta fel emelte könyekkel telt arezàt éssegymásik nő arezába nézett, szinten setét kék ruhába öltözve, kék esokorral kalapján ép olyan mint a nő kit álmába látott. Valjon most is álmodik ?

De nem volt más mint a Vezető társaság Kapitánya, kiket Sarolta észre vett mielőtt elaludt, kik oly szép játékokat üztek és kiket Sarolta oly nagyon irigyelt. A Kapitány le térdelt és karjaiba zárta az eltévedt kis alakot. Mond meg mi a bajod kedvesem ? és lássak valjon segitheteke rajtad.

Erre a esodálatos és nem remélt jóságra, Sarolta, ki nem tapasztalt egyebet mint szidást és verést, végkép el esüggedt és zokogott mintha szive meg tört volna. Egy időmulva meg nyugodott és új barát-nőjének sikerült tőle meg tudni az álom reyéjét és a következő kegyetlen ébredést.

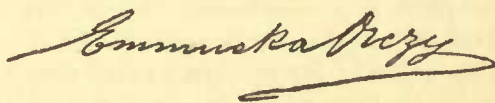
De mind ez nemálom kedvesem. Mind ez igaz. Egy Vezető barátja mindenkinek és te is egy Vezető leszel mihelyjest meg tehetem. Ez a vilagnak leg nagyobb mulatsága és ninesen vége mind annak a mit tanulhatunk és a játékoknak melyeket üzhetünk.

De mindenek fölött leg jobb az ha mihelyjest jagod van a Háreom-levelü fűjelvényét viselni, mind a Vezetők az egész világon át neked

testveréid és pajtásaid lesznek. Ime láthatod ninesen többé okod, hogy elhagyatva érezd magad. Sok ideig ült Sarolta és a Kapitány a fa alatt isevegve. A nap lemenőbe volt és az árnyékok el nyúltak, de Sarolta szivèbe a nap felkelt. Ezemei fènylettek és avezán egy halvány pir fakadt nüg figyelt. Pompás látványok lebegtek kezében, a falun töltött napokról, pihenőkről, vig játszmákról, tanulmányokról mikent mehetünk a leg jobb, úton ?

Mind ez nem volt álom, egy esodálatos valóság volt. Ő nem lessz többé el hagyatva a magányba. Az ember el türheti az éhséget és fáradt ságot, ha van valaki kihez mehetünk és ki osztozna leg kisebb bajainkal.

A madarak álmosan esiripeltek a fejük felett lévő ágakon és egy enyhe szellő jött arezaikat üdíteni. Sarolta maga körül csak egy szozatot hallott. Egy Vezető mindenkinek barátja. Gyerünk most, hogy egy kis enni valót kapjunk és felugorva a Kapitány magáéba vonta Sarolta kezét és a beállt setétségbe együtt futottak a távoli világos élénk utezák felé.



TRANSLATION

The Awakening

Six o'clock on a hot evening in late July. The sun still poured down pitilessly on the burning pavements and narrow, evil-smelling streets of a crowded mean street in Budapest, and there was as yet no cool evening breeze to refresh the tired and overheated city.

The streets were crowded with children of all ages and sizes. The heat scarcely seemed to affect them—they rushed about scantily clad, screaming and shouting to one another. Hundreds of small pavement artists sprawled over the pavements. Armed with a minute piece of chalk as a painting-brush, and the hot, dirty pavement for a canvas, they were blissfully engaged in depicting thereon many strange and wonderful artistic efforts.

What little air there was in the overcrowded street reeked of onion-soup, from the small eating-place just round the corner, and the indescribable odour of unwashed humanity.

Heat, dust, flies, and smells! Phew! Oh, for a breath of something fresh and pure!

* * * * *

Sarolta Szabo walked down the steps of the wretched house (if such it could be termed) where she and her mother shared one miserable room, and made her way through the groups of shouting children, a determined expression on her small, pale face. Sarolta was only twelve years old, but her face was the face of a little old woman—so small and pinched and unhappy. No one seemed to know her or to take any notice of her as she pushed her way through the crowd. She was not popular with the youthful enthusiasts of — Street. The children thought her odd and dull and made no effort to get her to share in their games. Her mother spent the greater part of the evening gossiping with the neighbours, and Sarolta, left to her own devices, was a desperately lonely little soul, longing for love and happiness, and nowhere could she find it. But she was possessed of a determined spirit, and to-night she had made up her mind to reach the big open spaces of the Varos Liget, and there lie under a tree and dream dreams as she watched the sky—dreams of friendship and love and being of some use to some one.

The open green spaces at last. Still hundreds of children everywhere, but a paradise compared with — Street. At least here one got away from the odour of onion-soup, and somehow it didn't seem quite so stuffily hot now. Choosing a tree with plenty of shade under it, Sarolta flung herself down and lay watching the stretches of sun-baked grass, the sunlight on the water of the artificial lake close by, and listening to the voices of the children as they played round it. A party of Girl Guides were having thrilling games in one corner of the park and Sarolta's eyes kept returning to them again and again. "Dear God! I wish I could belong to that lot and wear a lovely blue uniform and play games and have friends," she murmured to herself enviously; "they never seem to be lonely like I am."

Poor little soul. Her head was aching horribly and she was so dreadfully tired. . . . Her eyes closed, and presently Sarolta was wafted off to the magic and wonderful land of dreams. . . .

And this is what she dreamt.

THE DREAM

A great open space stretched before her, no streets, no houses, but just one huge plain, and it was filled from end to end with row upon row of Girl Guides—thousands and thousands of them, as far as the eye could see.

Sarolta herself was standing apart from the vast crowd, on a little mound slightly raised above the rest.

Suddenly a whistle was blown shrilly, and in the twinkling of an eye the ranks of Guides had broken up and formed, each "Column" behind a Leader, into one gigantic Star stretching into infinity in all directions of the compass. And now Sarolta saw that there were Guides there of all colours and all nationalities, includ-

ing English, French, Austrian, and Italian. And over their heads, miraculously suspended in the air, floated an enormous banner, and on it was emblazoned the Badge of the Guides all over the world, the magic "Trefoil," and under it were the words of the famous Motto—"Be Prepared."

And Sarolta stood all alone, watching.

Then quite suddenly a wonderful thing happened. Without knowing in the least how she got there, Sarolta found herself, in her dream, in the centre of the Star, looking up into the face of a tall lady, who was dressed in a dark blue uniform.

"Hullo, Sarolta, so you've come at last. Don't you want to be a Guide too, and belong to all those sisters of yours over there?" And she pointed to the vast throngs around her.

Sarolta stood and stared without speaking, her hands nervously twisting her ragged little frock into a crumpled string. She couldn't speak because she knew she would burst out crying if she did—but she did manage to nod her head vigorously. The tall lady then stooped down and pinned a little gilt brooch (the same "Trefoil" that every one of the Guides present wore) upon her dress, and then, placing her in the centre of the Star, blew her whistle again. Immediately every one of the Guides saluted as a welcome to their new sister, and they all seemed to be looking at her with loving, welcoming eyes. . . . "A Guide is a friend to all," they chanted. "Come along, Sarolta, you belong to us now, and we want you. . . ."

The voices grew fainter and fainter and the Star vanished. Houses and trees appeared again as if by magic, dull sun-baked patches of grass, shouting children—and Sarolta opened her eyes again to the hard world of reality.

* * * * *

She woke with the tears streaming down her face and her heart filled with a sense of great loss and an increased feeling of loneliness. She had had a glimpse of her ideal, and now it was taken away again.

"Hullo, child, what's the matter? Have you hurt yourself?"

Sarolta lifted up her tear-stained face and looked into the face of another lady also dressed in dark blue, with a blue cockade in her hat, just like the lady of her dream. Was she dreaming again?

But it was only the Captain of the Guide Company Sarolta had noticed before she went to sleep, who had been playing such lovely games, and whom she had envied so much. The Captain knelt down and put her arms round the forlorn little figure. "Tell me what's the matter, dear, and see if I can help you," she urged.

At this wonderful and unexpected kindness, Sarolta, who was used to nothing but cursing and blows, collapsed utterly and sobbed as if her heart would break. After a time she calmed down and her new friend managed to extract from her the story of the dream and the subsequent cruel awakening.

"But it's not all a dream, dear," she cried. "It's all true. A Guide is a friend to all, and you shall be a Guide as soon as I can arrange it. It's the greatest fun in the world, and there's no end to the things one can learn and the games one

can play. But the best thing of all is that, as soon as you have the right to wear the Trefoil Badge, all the Guides all over the world are your sisters and comrades. So you see there is no need for you ever to feel lonely again."

For a long time Sarolta and the Captain sat under the tree together and talked and talked. The sun began to go down and the shadows lengthened, but in Sarolta's heart the sun had just risen. Her eyes shone and her cheeks had a faint pink tinge in them as she listened. Gorgeous visions of days in the country, camps, tracking games, learning how to do things in the right way, floated before her imagination. It was not all a dream, it was a wonderful reality. She would never feel lonely and left out any more. One could put up with feeling hungry and tired if there were only some one one could go to who would share one's smallest worries.

The birds twittered sleepily in the branches over their heads, and a soft cooling breeze had sprung up to fan their faces. And all around her Sarolta seemed to hear that one refrain :—"A Guide is a friend to all."

"Come along now and let's have something to eat. I'm starving, aren't you?" and, springing up, the Captain took Sarolta's hand in hers, and together they ran through the gathering dusk towards the distant lights of the busy streets.

EMMUSKA ORCZY

Beatrice¹

By the late Baron Sidney Sonnino

NON è dato ad ogni donna di riunire in sè tutte le doti e i pregi di cui era adorna Beatrice,
 Lume di cielo in creatura degna,
 e meno ancora di poter esercitare il suo fascino sopra un'anima vasta e profonda ed una mente titanica come quella di Dante; però nel senso in cui più volte il Poeta, seguendo l'uso del tempo che credeva ad una comunione sostanziale delle cose con le parole, "con ciò sia cosa che li nomi seguitino le nominate cose," nel senso dico in cui egli allude al nome della sua donna, quello di dare beatitudine, di soleggiare l'altrui vita, non è precluso a quasi nessuna, che abbia animo gentile, di rappresentare, nelle varie sue relazioni di madre, sorella o compagna dell'uomo, la parte di Beatrice.

"Ogni cosa bella è un raggio della luce divina"; è una rivelazione di Dio.

Ogni donna che, per dirla con Dante, abbia "intelletto d'amore," può esercitare una potente influenza elevatrice ed educatrice su coloro che la circondano, e soprattutto su chiunque sia legato a lei da vincolo di affetto.

Non tutti gli uomini possono spiccare il volo sublime di Dante, ancorchè ispirati da una Beatrice, ma ogni Beatrice può e deve spingere ciascuno a tentare quel più alto volo che le sue ali consentano, nel che sta compreso tutto il suo dovere verso se e verso gli altri.

L'amore, l'affetto, il pensiero della donna sono nell'animo nostro le vestali che tengono accesa la fiamma sacra dell'ideale, in mezzo a

¹ Sunto di una conferenza su Beatrice data del Barone Sonnino, Roma, 1921.

tutte le inevitabili lotte, gli attriti, le amarezze e gli scoramenti della vita d'ogni giorno.

“La femme”—scrive Ernest Renan—“nous remet en communication avec l'éternelle source où Dieu se mire.”

Per svolgere il suo benefico influsso non fa mestieri che la donna abbia ad indicare lei all'uomo, su cui spiega il suo dolce imperio d'affetto, la meta precisa cui egli debba tendere e la via da percorrere per raggiungerla; basta che sappia avvivare nell'animo di lui, secondo la varia sua natura, la scintilla dell'elevazione spirituale. Non si tratta tanto di guidare, quanto di ispirare e sorreggere; si tratta di infondere la fede nell'ideale, l'anelito al bene, al vero, al giusto, la volontà dell'azione, la perseveranza di fronte alle traversie, la pietà per il debole e l'infelice, la costante subordinazione dell'io al servizio di un'idea, la carità in tutto e verso tutti.

Siffatta influenza che tende segnatamente a raffinare la stessa natura dell'uomo, intensificando quel che già esiste di migliore in lui, non richiede in chi la eserciti superiorità di energia morale, di acume intellettuale o di esperienza della vita, ma solo purità di cuore, coscienza squisita, femminile delicatezza di sentire.

Ma per elevare gli altri, bisogna cominciare con l'innalzare sè stessi; per educare gli altri occorre pure disciplinare l'animo proprio.

Già Virgilio c'insegna che

“ amore
Acceso di virtù sempre altro acceso.”

E se Beatrice potè “imparadisare” la mente di Dante fu perchè essa pure mirava in alto:

“Beatrice tutta nell'eterne rote
Fissa con gli occhi stava, ed io in lei
Le luci fissi. . . .”

e di nuovo:

“Beatrice in suso ed io in lei guardava.”

Ad ogni nuova sfera celeste la bellezza di lei si accresce, ed è nel vederla più bella che Dante si accorge di essere salito più in alto:

“Che la bellezza mia, che per le scale
Dell'eterno palazzo più s'accende,
Com'hai veduto, quanto più si sale.”

Beatrice diventa la coscienza morale di Dante ; a lei si volge

“ Per vedere in Beatrice il mio dovere.”

Essa è

“ Quella che vedea i pensier dubi
Nella mia mente.”

Essa è donna “ in altissimo grado di bontade.”

La donna del Poeta . . . “ si lieta come bella ” è “ nobile intelletto ” ; è “ saggia ” ; per illustrare la quale espressione il Poeta esclama : “ Or che è piu bella in donna che sapere ! ” Parole davvero mirabili, per moderna larghezza di vedute, in un tempo in cui si discuteva se la donna anche di civile condizione dovesse saper leggere e scrivere, tanto che vediamo Francesco da Barberino nel suo “ Reggimento e costumi di Donna,” dopo una diffusa argomentazione pro e contra, decidere per il no, dandoci il singolare esempio di un libro di precetti educativi scritto ad uso di un pubblico che l'autore vorrebbe analfabeta.

L'amore di Beatrice incita Dante alle opere virtuose :

“ . . . io penso un gentil desio, ch'è nato
Del gran desio ch'io porto,
Ch'a ben far tira tutto il mio potere.”

“ La sua bellezza ha podestà in rinnovare natura in coloro che la mirano ” ;—da essa muove

“ . . . un spirito gentile
Che creatore d'ogni pensier buono.”

Beatrice è :

“ La bella donna ch'al ciel t'avvalora ” ;

colei :

“ Che all'alto volo ti vesti le piume.”

È dessa che lo sospinge di cielo in cielo :—

“ Si sua virtù la mia natura vinse.”

Il pensiero di lei lo riconduce al retto sentiero ogni volta che qualche umana debolezza ne lo fa sviare :

“ Che rimirando lei, lo mio affetto,
Liberò fu da ogni altro desire.”

Essa è la sua scorta, la "dolce guida e cara" a traverso gli sterpi è le passioni della vita.

Richiama prima in suo aiuto la Ragione, e lo conduce poi gradatamente essa stessa, "ch'opera è di fede," alla contemplazione dei più alti veri.

"Il tentativo d'inanellare il *reale* e l'*ideale*, il simbolo e l'invisibile, la terra e il cielo, tramuta l'amore di Dante"—cito parole di Giuseppe Mazzini—"in tal cosa che non trova analogia fra i mortali; in un lavoro di purificazione e idealizzazione che addita, con esempio unico, la missione dell'amore e della donna quaggiù . . ."

Sidney Sommino

"La figura di Beatrice, quale esce viva e radiosa dall'opera immortale di Dante, personifica per tutti i tempi a luoghi l'ideale della Donna, quale ispiratrice di ogni opera buona, consolatrice nel dolore, imitatrice di sana energia, guida sicura sulla via del dovere, semplice e pura nemica di ogni menzogna e artificio; tipo insomma di vera bellezza morale.

"È verso l'incarnazione di un tale ideale—'lume di cielo in creatura degna'—che vorremmo imitasse costantemente l'opera delle Volontarie."

PRINCIPESSA BORGHESE.

TRANSLATION

Beatrice

It is not given to every woman to unite in herself all the gifts and precious qualities that adorned Beatrice, "that light of heaven in creature worthy," and still less to exercise her spell over so great and profound a soul and so gigantic a mind as that of Dante. Nevertheless, in the sense in which the poet (following the usage of a

time which believed in a real communion between things and words "let the thing so be that the name shall seem to follow from the nature of the thing")—in the sense, I say, in which he alludes to the name of his lady as the source of beatific light in the lives of others, scarcely any woman of gentle spirit is debarred from filling, in her varied relations as mother, sister, or companion of man, the part of a Beatrice.

"Every beautiful thing is a ray of the divine light," a revelation of God.

Every woman who, to use Dante's words, has "the mind of love" can exercise a powerful influence to uplift and educate those around her, and, above all, those who are bound to her by the ties of affection.

Not all men can attain to the sublime flight of Dante, even when they are inspired by a Beatrice; but every Beatrice can and ought to urge each one to attempt the loftiest flight that his wings permit, and in this lies her whole duty to herself and to others. The love, the affection, the thought of woman are, in our minds, the vestal virgins who keep alight the sacred flame of the ideal amidst all the inevitable struggles, the strife, the bitternesses, and the discouragements of everyday life. "*La femme*"—writes Ernest Renan—"nous remet en communication avec l'éternelle source où Dieu se mire."

In order to develop her beneficent power, it is not necessary that a woman should herself be able to show to the man, over whom she exercises the sweet dominion of her love, the precise goal towards which he must strive, or the way he must journey to attain it; it is enough if she can but kindle in his spirit, according to his varying nature, the spark of spiritual exaltation. It is not so much a matter of guiding as of inspiring and supporting; it is a matter of implanting faith in the ideal; aspiration towards the good, the true, and the just; the will to action; perseverance in the face of obstacles; compassion for the weak and the unhappy; constant subordination of self to the service of an idea; charity in all things and to all men.

This kind of influence, which tends in a marked degree to refine the very nature of man, intensifying the best that already exists in him, does not require of her who exercises it a superiority of moral energy, of intellectual acumen, or of experience of life. It demands only a pure heart, a sensitive conscience, and a womanly delicacy of feeling. Yet to raise others, one must begin by uplifting one's self; to educate others, one must first discipline one's own spirit. Long ago Virgil taught us that "love lit by virtue, lit ever love again." And if Beatrice could "imparadise" the mind of Dante, it was because she herself looked ever upward:

"Beatrice with eyes on the eternal spheres,
Entirely fixed did stand
And I on her my gaze did fix,"

and again:

"Beatrice on high and I on her did look."

In every new celestial sphere her beauty becomes greater, and it is through seeing her ever more beautiful that Dante is brought to realize that he himself has climbed higher: "My beauty which beams the more, as thou hast seen, the higher we climb the steps of the eternal palace." Beatrice becomes the conscience of Dante; to her he turns, "to see in Beatrice where my duty is." She it is "who saw the doubtful thoughts within my mind." She is woman "in kindness' uttermost degree."

The poet's lady "as joyous as beautiful," is also "a noble intellect" and "a woman of wisdom." To illustrate this expression the poet cries, "What is more beautiful in woman than knowledge!" These are really wonderful words for their modern breadth of view, at a time when men used to dispute whether women, even of high birth, ought to know how to read and write. We actually find that Francesco de Barberino in his "Conduct and Manners of Women," after a prolonged discussion for and against, decides against; thus giving us the singular example of a book of educational precepts written for the use of a public which the author would have preferred to see illiterate.

The love of Beatrice incites Dante to deeds of virtue: "I have a gentle longing in my thoughts, born of the great longing which I feel, which draws my every power to well-doing."

Her beauty has the power to refresh the nature of those who look upon her; from her there moves "a gentle spirit, creative of all good thoughts." Beatrice is "the fair lady who strengthens thee for heaven"; she "who clothed thee with plumage for thy lofty flight." It is she who urges him from height to height: "so did her virtue dominate my nature." The thought of her brings him back to the right path when human weakness makes him stray from it: "for beholding her again, my love was freed from every other desire." She is his escort, his "gentle and dear guide," through the entangling passions of life. First she summons Reason to her aid, and then herself leads him step by step—"a work of faith"—to the contemplation of the highest truths. In the words of Giuseppe Mazzini "the attempt to intertwine the real and the ideal, the symbol and the unseen, earth and heaven, transmutes Dante's love into something which finds no analogy among mortal men—into a work of purification and idealization which indicates, in a single example, the mission of love and of woman on this earth."¹

SIDNEY SONNINO.

"Thus the figure of Beatrice stands out alive and radiant in the immortal work of Dante, and personifies for all times and places the ideal woman, the inspirer of

¹ This extract and translation were approved and corrected by the late Baron Sonnino on the night before his death, but the concluding words, now written by Princess Borghese, were never able to be completed by him.

all good deeds, the comforter in sorrow, the spur to energy, the faithful guide along the path of Duty, the enemy of falsehood and artifice, pure and singlehearted, the type, in fact, of all moral beauty.

"The Volontarie are endeavouring in their work to bring forward the realization of such an ideal and to imitate 'that light of heaven in creature worthy.'"

PRINCESS BORGHESE.

Power of the Eternal Feminine

By Inazo Nitobé

TRANSLATION

Whatever is eternal transcends the limits of time and space. It recognizes neither country nor period, and is the same at all times and in all places. Only its manifestations assume different forms and colours according to age, place or race.

Likewise the eternal feminine is universal, and remains unaffected by the constant changes that mark the life of womankind in their thoughts, aspirations, education, social position, apparel, etc. But despite all the convulsive vicissitudes, there are traits that are firmly fixed in the character of the gentler sex, traits whose ensemble we call "the eternal feminine."

The most prominent of these traits is what I should like to call the Mother Heart, which is the desire to help the weak, to train the young, to purify their surroundings, and, if need be, to fight the enemies that may harm the helpless. The one word "compassion" covers a multitude of the virtues that compose Mother Love.

It is this self-same instinct that stresses the future rather than the past or the present, and this implies that readiness—so beautiful to see—for sacrifice and self-immolation for the good of others.

Is it any wonder that religion, which is the highest and noblest exercise of the human mind, partakes of feminine character?

It is with regret, therefore, that one sees nowadays women striving to imitate men. Men up to the present have used their superior powers in getting the better of women; but these powers are those of brawn and brains. Should women rival men in either, when they are possessed of another power superior to both?

Man's value has been thus far too exclusively gauged by the strength of his muscles or of his mental abilities, but in the measurement of human values, the future will and cannot fail to take for standard his Heart, its bigness, its purity and its depth. Women must help the speedy adoption of such a standard.



Illustrated by
KWAISIK SADAKATE.

POWER OF THE ETERNAL FEMININE.
By Inazo Nitobe.

Rather let her enlarge in extent her deep Mother Instinct so as to embrace the entire world and the whole future, remembering that whatever is eternal is not confined to any period or country. Let the poor and the suffering be the object of her tender care.

If woman starts in her race with this consciousness of the eternal feminine, wherever she may end her career, that will be the point of victory.

The Girl Guides have set out with a high and noble aim. Their methods may often look strange to people obsessed by conventional forms of propriety and gentility ; but I believe that this great organization is a new means of developing the power of the eternal feminine. Our own old Bushido ideal of Womanhood looked to similar teaching. Now at the time when our old system is about to be forgotten, the introduction of the same ideal from overseas should increase our respect for the teaching of our fathers, and should delight our heart that other peoples have revived and adapted it to modern conditions of life.

Inazo Nitobe



日本
女子
の
力
Kumiko Sadakata

是れ夫と女性の向上にあらずと、寧ろ強者と謂ふべし。蓋し能力或は知力と以て
人。評價の標準とする。然るに此の如く。今後人格の尊卑と計るべきは
徳望と以て尺度とする時より。久遠の女性のかげに出来高なるやと覺ゆれば至る人
女向上は男子に迫るうたあらず。男子の及ばざる獨特の長所と發揮するにあらず。
即ち深き母性と廣く伸張し、自己の骨内はるるも更なり。遙く衆生と見ると皆そ
が子如く似し。四海同胞の理想と實現するこそ久遠の性天恵と天職と稱さ
べしものなるべし。

女ある行きて世も此の心とを致さずとてまう必を決勝負に達す。近來各人に
行はるる。久遠の性天恵と稱さるる。久遠の女性觀の情ある久遠女性の自由なる
發揮と促進する方路とて。世人は大にこれを歡迎す。我々固有の武士道の精神
も蓋し久遠女性と目標とをなしたるものとあへん。今や海外より新なる此の道と
迎ふるも。異境に知遇を得たるの觀ある極めて愉快なり。

敬愛の太極山
敬愛の太極山

Illustrated by
KWAISIK SADAKATA.

POWER OF THE ETERNAL FEMINE.
(continued) By Inazo Nitobe.

Service

By Momolu Massaquoi

“He who serveth his fellow man loveth God first ;
for all the laws of God are summed up in
service.”—*Vey Script* (from an untranslated work).

IT is said that when Confucius was asked to utter one word which embraced all his teachings, he said, “*Reciprocity*,” that is to say, *Serving one another*. The essence of all the teachings of the Christ, from the marriage-feast in Cana of Galilee to the sad hours of Gethsemane, finds expression in a single sentence—“*Serve ye one another*.” The *suras* of the Koran, and the precepts laid down by the Nabii, are so rich with thoughts of *service* that the title of *Abdul* (servant) is much preferred to that of *Imaam* (leader) among Moslems. Neither has there been a teacher or reformer with any record handed down to posterity, who has not taught, or emphasized *Service* as the sole medium for the salvation of the world. We speak of services to our God, our country, our fellow-men, and ourselves. These different forms of service, when carefully considered, are essentially the same.

Service to God. What, then, is to serve God? Is it merely to read holy books written about Him, to sing praises to His great name, to ask Him for something we need, or thank Him for favours of the past, for what He has done for us? Would you think anyone had *served* you, because he reads about you, sings your name in songs, asks favours of you, or thanks you for favours past? Does service to God consist alone in loving Him, fearing Him, and no more? Would you consider anybody of *service* to you simply because he tells you he loves and fears you and does nothing else? If you answer “No,” in what way, then, can we serve God? I am of the opinion

that all Scouts and Guides the world over, will agree that service to God is service to our fellow-men.

Service to our fellow-men consists in the endeavour to better their conditions, be it in our own country or abroad ; to help further peace and happiness into those regions where they do not already exist, to help disseminate the spirit of brotherhood and sisterhood and human love ; and to discourage the spirit of human hatred which has proved such an impediment to the further progress of the human race. Indeed, the atmosphere of this age appears to be composed of so little human love, that International Peace is as yet only a high Ideal rather than an accomplished fact ; yet the cause for which Scouts and Guides stand, demands love first and service next ; for one cannot uplift or help one whom one does not love. Read of such women as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Florence Nightingale, Mary Kingsley, or Matilda Newport, and you have the life of Ideal Service.

The story of David Livingstone and his African protégé is perhaps one of the best exemplifications of human love and ideal service. Livingstone lived, laboured and died in the African wilds. The civilized world in general, and the British Isles in particular, mourned his loss. Expeditions were fitted out in the most elaborate manner to locate his remains ; ovations were planned to pay to his memory a royal tribute of respect. Transport for conveyance of his remains had reached the shores of Africa. The gate of Westminster was trembling to fly open in order that the revered bones of the great explorer might come in. But how were these sacred remains to be found ? Listen ! Single-handed, after months of wearisome travel through the dense jungles, after encountering many dangers, suffering many privations, but with the bones of Livingstone firmly bound and fixed upon his head, the African lad penetrated the then dark forest between the Limpopo valley and the coast, and reached the waiting ship, thereby placing upon record what has been admitted to be " the grandest funeral march " of the nineteenth century. Such was Ideal Service.

Serving one's Country or oneself. This does not simply imply glorifying one's country, accumulating fortune or knowledge, but the conscientious discharge of one's duty ; being true and faithful

to the trust committed to one's care ; to help strengthen the weak, to help enlighten the less-informed, to mock and envy none, but to embrace and uplift all. It implies the constant endeavour to expand one's mind until it becomes broad enough to embrace the whole world ; it means to denounce vigorously, at all times, any prejudice which narrows and enslaves the mind, and thereby retards the progress of human fraternities. Guides and Scouts know no creed, no race, no clime. The whole world is theirs to serve. The entire human race is waiting to be fraternized. These are the basic principles upon which Scouts and Guides are conducted in Liberia.

momolu massagui

"It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful: praise God it does not say successful."

Le Rôle des Jeunes

By M. Batty Weber

POSONS d'abord un fait primordial, essentiel et qui se résume dans cette simple constatation que le mouvement des Girl Guides est autre chose et plus qu'une parallèle, voire une pâle imitation du scoutisme.

Et d'abord, ce qui pour les scouts était une chose toute naturelle destinée à compléter une éducation physique qui était comme le corollaire de leur sexe et de leur occupation professionnelle, les Girl Guides ont dû en faire la conquête sur des préjugés sans nombre et sur des conceptions invétérées qui faisaient de la femme l'être condamné à toutes les entraves.

Nous voici donc en plein dans le mouvement qui embrasse tout ce qu'on est convenu d'entendre sous le mot d'émancipation de la femme. Mot vilain et évocateur de luttes longtemps stériles et souvent ridicules. Vous vous rappelez—ou tant mieux pour vous si vous ne vous rappelez peut-être plus—l'époque où celles qui se trouvaient à la tête du mouvement féministe étaient pénétrées de cette étrange idée qu'émanciper la femme ne signifiait autre chose que la rendre de plus en plus égale à l'homme. C'était donc reconnaître implicitement sa supériorité.

Depuis, on est heureusement revenu de cette idée de supériorité d'un sexe sur l'autre. Ce qui n'empêche qu'il reste énormément à faire pour la détruire dans le domaine de la réalité.

Or, ce ne sont pas celles qui étaient à l'œuvre, il y a 20-30 ans qui étaient qualifiées pour cette tâche éminemment délicate. Nous les avons vues, ces dames d'un âge plutôt mûr, aux costumes hermaphrodites, les cheveux coupés ras, affublées de chapeaux à allure de cabotin, le cou engoncé dans des faux-cols d'hommes, ou encore des

matrones vénérables à lunettes, et à figures de savants septuagénaires qui inspiraient le respect, si vous voulez, mais qui comme types de grands-mamans d'avenir, ne nous disaient rien qui vaille.

Ni la science ni les discussions passionnées autour de la table verte n'auraient réussi à faire faire un pas à l'émancipation féminine en tant qu'il s'agit de résultats palpables, obtenus sous forme d'améliorations réelles dans la vie pratique et journalière de la femme, c'est de la jeunesse que cette œuvre d'infiltration devait procéder.

Et alors, comme toute renaissance, toute régénération est impossible sauf par le retour à la nature, c'est à elle que vous êtes retournées. Vous avez senti que c'est elle qui vous aiderait le plus sûrement à exalter ce qu'il y a en vous de forces propres à votre être intime, à vous libérer de sottes conventions et chinoiserie où des siècles d'éducation mal comprise avaient emprisonné la jeune fille. Vous avez compris que c'est par la santé physique qu'il fallait commencer par refaire la femme telle que la nature l'a voulue et telle qu'il faut qu'elle soit pour remplir à côté et à l'égal de l'homme, le but auquel la nature l'a destinée. Et votre instinct de vie et de santé vous a conduites vers le soleil et l'air libre, au fond des bois, au bord de la mer, dans l'atmosphère pure et fortifiante de nos montagnes pour vous y retremper corps et âme.

Je n'oublierai jamais cette claire matinée de dimanche où je vis pour la première fois les Girl-Guides de Luxemburg s'acheminer gaîment vers la gare pour aller passer quelques jours de vacances dans un camping au fond des Ardennes. "Elle incarnait toutes les vertus de ses vingt ans: L'enthousiasme, la combativité, l'amour du sacrifice." Ces paroles consacrées à la mémoire de Marie-Jeanne Brimmeyr, je voudrais les inscrire au bas de cette vision qui m'est restée de ses camarades d'alors, s'en allant à la conquête de la vie, à l'ombre de leur drapeau qui claquait fièrement au vent.

Et faisant pendant à ce tableau tout de gaîté, de jeunesse, de soleil et d'espoir, j'en vois un autre: Une théorie de jeunes pensionnaires, en bottines de soie noire, les mains gantées de filasse, s'abritant sous des parasols noirs pour ne pas abîmer leur teint de pauvres plantes de serre, en promenade d'après-midi de dimanche!

Eh bien vous avez fait du chemin, depuis. Henry Bataille a

écrit quelque part que la femme connaîtra un jour, dans une société moins hypocrite, l'indépendance et la liberté.

Ce jour-là, vous en précipitez l'avènement, jeunes girl-guides, qui avez jeté par-dessus les moulins bottines de soie, gants de filoselle et parasols noirs et qui n'avez pas peur du soleil pour hâler vos joues et remplir vos cœurs de lumière, de santé et de toutes les vertus que les hommes ne cessent de demander à la femme pour que le monde puisse vivre.

M. BATTY WEBER.

TRANSLATION

The Part of Youth

Let us first state an essential fact, by saying that the Girl Guide Movement is not a mere pale imitation of the Boy Scouts.

What was a natural completion of their physical education and a corollary of their sex and their occupation for the Scouts, could only become so for the Guides, when they had overcome innumerable prejudices, and ideas, sufficiently inveterate as to condemn woman to a fettered life.

At once, then, we find ourselves in the full stream of the movement which embraces all that is implied in the emancipation of woman ; an odious expression which recalls many barren and often absurd controversies. You remember—or all the better for you, if you do not remember, perhaps—when the leaders of the feminist movement were possessed by the strange idea that the emancipation of woman meant nothing less than to make her, more and more, into the equal of man. This was but to admit implicitly his superiority.

Since that time we have happily discarded this idea of the superiority of the one sex over the other ; but, none the less, we have before us the heavy task of destroying the effects of that idea in the region of reality.

Now, it is not those who were at work twenty or thirty years ago who are qualified for this eminently delicate task.

We have seen those ladies of a riper age, with short-cut hair and in masculine attire ; their heads ensconced in hats like strolling players, their necks engulfed in the collars of men—or again, those venerable and spectacled matrons who, with the faces of learned septuagenarians, inspired respect if you like, but who as types of the grandmothers of the future, told us nothing that was of any use.

Neither science nor impassioned discussions round a green table could have succeeded in moving us on one step towards feminine emancipation ; for, if palpable

results in the shape of real amelioration in the practical daily life of woman were to be obtained, then youth itself must supply the motive and be the mover.

Then, as in every renaissance, no regeneration is possible except by a return to nature; it is to her that you are returned. You have felt that she will give you the surest help in developing the powers that belong to your innermost being, in ridding you of the stupid conventions and restrictions in which centuries of education, ill comprehended, have imprisoned young girls.

You have come to understand that it is by physical health that woman must be re-made according to the decrees of nature, and as such she must be, in order to fulfil by the side of man and as his equal, the end to which nature has destined her. And your instinct for life and health has led you into the sunshine and fresh air, into the depths of the woods, on to the seashore, and into the pure and strengthening atmosphere of the mountains, where you may readjust body and mind.

I shall never forget the fine Sunday morning on which I saw for the first time the Girl Guides of Luxemburg marching gaily off towards the station, in order to go and spend a few days' holiday in camp, away down in the Ardennes. "She was the incarnation of all the virtues of her twenty years: enthusiasm, ardour for what lay before her, the love of sacrifice." These words, sacred to the memory of Marie-Jeanne Brimmeyr, I should like to inscribe beneath the vision which I have of her friends of that time, going off to the conquest of life under their banner, which fluttered proudly in the wind.

And while I yet see this picture of gaiety, youth, sunshine, and hope, I see another: a procession of young schoolgirls, in black silk boots, their hands gloved in thread, shading themselves under black silk parasols like poor greenhouse plants so as not to spoil their complexions on their Sunday afternoon walk!

Well, you have travelled far since then. Henry Bataille has written somewhere, that some day woman will know independence and liberty in a less hypocritical age.

Young Girl Guides, you are hastening on that day—you have thrown away your machine-made silk boots, your thread gloves, and your black parasols, and you are not afraid of the sun burning your cheeks and filling your hearts with light and health and all the virtues which men will never cease to require from woman in order that the world may live.

M. BATTY WEBER.



Drawn by
W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE TRAGEDY OF A MISGUIDED MAN.

Mod

By Barbra Ring

FOR mere end tusen aar siden beilet en smaakonge til en odelsbaaren ung pike.

“Ja, naar du har samlet hele Norge til ét rike, skal jeg bli din dronning,” svarte hun.

Historien kan være usand. Men den bærer i sig den historiske sandhet at mot, stolthet, frihetsfølelse fra gammel tid har kjendetegnet den norske kvinde—den gode, den bedste. Der gaar en ubrudt linje fra denne unge storbondes datter, av Norges ældste og rette adel, til kvinden av i dag som kjemper sine søstres sak i Norges storting, som sitter tildoms i retten, som taler fra professorstolen—og til den lille pike som i scout-uniformen sitter alene ved vaktilden i skogen og vaaker over kompaniets hvile—eller til hende som i svømning og løp paa ski og paa sköiter ofte tar premien fra guttene.

* * * * *

En kold mörk vintermorgen for et par hundrede aar siden stod en niaars pike paaknæ i peisen paa en liten plass inde i skogsbygden. Hun karret ivrig i asken med en flat sten. Men snart begyndte hun at bruke de smaa fingrene, for asken var ikke god og lunken som den pleiet om morgenen naar den hadde været bredd godt over varmen, for at denne skulde holde sig natten over. Den var kold og glörne under den var sorte og döde. Ikke den mindste lille ildgnist levet. Men de smaa fingrene gav sig ikke för hver kulbit var rotet frem. Hun visste hvad det betydde hvis der ingenting var at tænde ved; for det var i de tider da der ikke fandtes ildstaal paa hver gaard saalangt tilskogs.

Raadvild blev hun liggende der i mørket. Hun var staat tidlig

op for at koke kaffe til mor, som laa syk nu paa andre dagen og kunde ikke gjøre sit dagsverk som bygdens bedste spindekjærring. Ellers surret rokkehjulet dagen lang i den vesle stuen og lille Randi kunde hjelpe at hesple garnet. Der var bare hun og mor.

Hun gik til vinduet og aanded et blankt hull paa rutens hvite-isroser. Et par lys sat som smaa stjerner her og der utover i mørket. Det største nærmeste kom fra en aapen sneslette midt i svarte skogen. Dit var det hun maatte for at laane varme.

Hun lyttet ind i kammerset. Mor sov. Saa tok hun varmepanden løftet forsigtig dörklinken og smat ut. Skiene stod ved væggen, hun trädde de smaa föttene i vjerne og satte utfor hældingen. Kobberpanden med hullet laak for at glörne skulde faa træk, holdt hun ut for sig i skaftet og saa sig ræd omkring. For vinteren var streng og der hadde været seet ulv og loss like indpaa gaardene selv midt paa lyse dagen. Mellem træerne gik hun saa fort benene rak til; hjertet dunket bare en sneklat faldt fra en gren. Men frem kom hun og med varmepanden fylt av rykende glo drog hun hjem igjen. Hun var næsten ute av skogen og saa snebakken imot, op den, saa var hun hjemme. Det lysnet alt av dagen. Da gled en mørk skygge frem paa siden av hende. Ikke ulvens spisse hundesnute, men gaupens runde lodne kattedejæs med haardusk fra örene og lysende ravöine.

Hun seg ned i knærne i det samme og hjertet stanset næsten. Hadde det endda baaret unnav, men bakke op kunde hun ikke komme fra den.

Om hun slog varmepanden i hodet paa den? Men ilden til mors kaffe kunde spildes. Hun bad fadervor og gik paa. Saa satte hun skiene tvers og gik fot for fot halvt baklæns bakken op; og eftersom lossen smög omkring hende holdt hun glöröken mot den saa udyret fik varmen i næsen og holdt sig paa avstand. Helt til dören fulgte lossen. Men da hun var kommet ind og moren ropte fra kammerset at hun hadde været længe efter vand, orket hun ikke svare.

Om litt flammet tyrirötterne höit op om kaffekjelen som hang i skaarejernet. Da hun bar kaffebollen ind til morens seng var det lyst nok til at hun som laa kunde se barnets ansigt.

“Du fraus vel itte me du var etter vatten. Du er saa kvit,” sa moren.

“Nei, Je fraus itte.”

Det var alt hvad det niaars barn svarte den syke.

* * * * *

Fjorden staar i rok. Stormen kaster sig med ul ned i pipen og hviner om husvæggene paa doktorgaarden ytterst paa næsset. Doktorens gamle husholderske og hans lille datter staar ved vinduet og prøver at se gjennom sjöspruten som staar höit op i fjæren. Doktoren er ventendes hjem fra byen idag og skulde ha været hentet med baat længer uti fjorden hvor dampen la til. Men der var gaat en sildestim ind fjorden, fulgt av et veir av fugleskrik; og gutten paa doktorgaarden hadde ikke staat imot men fulgt med de andre fiskere, i slik sjö var dampen altid forsinket stolte han paa.

Den lille piken stod med næsen flattrøkt mot ruten. Jo, langt derute slog alt dampbaatsröken som en stor sort fjær mot himlen. Hun sprang til et andet vindu. Nei, fiskerbaatene syntes ikke endda. Ingen til at möte far.

I et sprang rev hun oljehyren ned og satte ned til baatnöstet. Den lille sjægten, hendes egen baat, greiet hun at faa loss, og fokken sat. Seilet skalv, fylldes og baaten skar ut gjennom sjörokket, presset sig op til vinden. Det lille menneske i sydvest og oljefrak sat med rorvolten klemmt indunder armen og skjötet löst i haanden, klar til at ta bauten. Roret om, seilet skivret et sekund, bulnet saa igjen; en braasjö slog imot. Hun sat nu med föttene i vand. En baut til. Hun la sig med al magt paa roret og tviholdt paa skjöte, mens hun holdt öie med om hun rak frem til dampbaaten la til. Nu svinget den ind den lille viken. Men nu var hun ogsaa selv i læ av den lange kaien og lot seilet gaa.

Doktoren var i et byks i baaten og satte sig agter. Han saa paa det friske lille ansigtet.

“Ris skulde du ha,” sa han strengt. Men det bævret saa rart om munden. “Var du ikke ræd da?”

“Nei, ræd,” sa hun. Men spændingen för og trygheten nu hun kjendte farens sterke haand paa roret fik hende til at stryke haanden over öinene. “Sjöspruten,” sa hun forlegen.

* * * * *

Slik som disse to er hundreder av norske smaapiker. De vokser

op i krig med en haard natur, med fornemmelse av at ansvaret er deres, naar der ingen anden er til at ta det. Den lille barbente bondepige som gjæter buskapen i fjeldet og driver björn paa flugt med en garstaur, fordi det er hendes pligt, hendes liv; den unge sportspike—og hvormange norske piker findes vel som ikke er det—som gaar time efter time utræt paa ski i fjeldet og sætter utfor stup og hop saa godt som nogen gut; lodsens datter som seiler baaten hjem alene gjennem vor farlige og vanskelige skjærgaard, naar faren er sat ombord; den unge pike som selv arbeider for sit bröd, stolt og fri og ukuet—hver en av dem er i slegt med hende som forlangte et helt kongerike at være dronning over—og en mand saa tapper at han turde vinde det.

Den norske unge pike trænger ikke scoutlivet. Men hun er kanskje mere skikket for det end nogen anden. Norges vilde og sterke natur lærer hende det.

Bach Ring

TRANSLATION

Courage

More than a thousand years ago, a petty king proposed to a young girl who was born to allodial rights.

"Yes," she answered, "when you have united Norway in one body I will become your queen."

This story may not be true, but the historical fact is, that courage, pride and instinct of liberty have from ancient times characterized the Norwegian women. It is an unbroken link between this young daughter of a landowner—Norway's oldest and best aristocracy—and the woman of to-day who fights her sisters' cause in the Norwegian Storting (Parliament), sits in the jury, lectures, etc. There is also the little girl in the Guide uniform who sits by the camp-fire in the forest, watching while her comrades sleep. Then the girl who, in conjunction with boys, often takes prizes in swimming and races, or ski-ing and skating.

* * * * *

Some hundred years ago, on a cold, dark morning, a nine-year-old girl was kneeling in front of the fireplace on a labourer's farm which lay near a large forest.

She eagerly raked the ashes with a flat stone, but soon she started using her small fingers, for the ashes were not warm. It used to be so in the morning after having been spread over the embers the previous night in order to keep the fire for the next day. The ashes were cold and the cinders underneath black and dead; not even the smallest sign of a spark could be seen. Nevertheless, the small fingers did not give up until all the ashes had been removed and every bit of cinder had been examined; not one live-coal was left. She knew what that meant if there was no spark to make a fire, because in those days a flint was very rare on a farm so far in the forest.

Puzzled as to what she should do, she remained lying there in the dark. She had got up early to make coffee for her mother, who was lying ill now for the second day and was unable to do her work. She was the most skilful spinner in the parish. On other days the spinning-wheel hummed all the day long in the small room, and little Randi would help to form the yarn into hanks. There were only her and her mother. She went to the window and breathed a hole on the white frozen spangles which covered the glass.

Several lights like tiny stars could be seen here and there far away in the dark. The biggest and nearest was from a cottage in the forest. It was to this she had to go to borrow a light. . . .

She listened at the bedroom door. Mother was asleep. Then she took the fire-pan, carefully opened the door and slipped out. The skis leant against the wall; she fastened them to her feet and set off down the slope. She held the copper-pan, in the lid of which were several holes to allow the necessary draught to keep the embers glowing, by the handle in front of her, and cast a frightened glance around. The winter was very bitter and wolves and lynxes had been seen there, quite close to the farm even in daytime. She hurried along as fast as she could; her heart bumped against her ribs if only a flake of snow fell from a branch of a tree. But she got to the place safely, and with the pan filled with glowing embers she started on her way home.

She was nearly out of the forest and could see the snow bank right ahead. Only up this and she was home. Already the daybreak was coming. Then a dark shadow glided up beside her. It was not a wolf's pointed dog-muzzle, but the lynx's round hairy cat-face with a tuft of hair at the ears and shiny amber eyes. She dropped on her knees and her heart nearly stopped beating. If it had only been downhill; but uphill she could not escape from it. Supposing she banged the fire-pan on its head. But the fire for mother's coffee might be lost. She said her prayers and set off. She climbed the hill sideways and held the pan with the glowing embers near the lynx, which was following her, so the heat from the hot embers kept the animal at bay. It followed her right up to the door. When she was safe indoors her mother called her from the bedroom and said she had been a very long time fetching the water, but she was too exhausted to answer.

Soon the coffee was ready. When she carried the coffee-pot into her mother it was light enough to see the child's face.

"Were you very cold when you fetched the water? You are so pale," said the mother.

"No, I did not feel cold."

This was all that the child answered the sick woman.

* * * * *

The storm is raging up the fjord, lashing the water into foam. The wind howls down the chimney, whistling round the walls of the doctor's house, which is situated at the extreme end of the naze.

The doctor's old housekeeper and his little daughter are standing by the window trying to see through the heavy spray which is thrown high up in the air. The doctor is expected home from the town to-day and should have been met by a small boat farther out on the fjord where the steamer moors. But a shoal of herrings had gone up the fjord, followed by large numbers of shrieking gulls, and the handy-boy in the doctor's house had not been able to resist going with the fishermen, who had left bent on getting a good catch. Owing to the bad weather the boy thought it likely that the steamer would be delayed.

The little girl stood with her nose pressed flat against the window. Far, far away out there the smoke from the steamer was showing like a big black feather against the sky. She ran to another window. No, the fishermen's boats were not to be seen. No one to meet father!

In an instant she snatched her oilskins and ran down to the boat-house. She managed to undo the boat, which belonged to her. The jib was soon set, the sails flapped, bellied out, and the boat cut through the spray close to the wind. The little girl pressed the tiller under her arm, holding the sheets in her hand, ready to go about. She put the helm down, the sail flapping for a second, then catching the wind, bellied out; a roller hit the boat and came in over the gunwale so the girl sat with her feet in water. Once more about. She had to use all her strength to handle the tiller and the sheets. The whole time she was looking out for the steamer and was wondering if she would be there in time. Now the steamer turned into the little bay; she, too, was close to the quay and let the sail drop.

The doctor at once jumped on board and seated himself in the stern. He looked at the little fresh face.

"You ought to have a good whipping," he said, but his lips were trembling.

"Were you not afraid?"

"Not afraid!" she said. But the recent excitement, together with the knowledge that she was safe, her father now handling the boat, made her quickly pass her hand over her eyes. "The spray," she said in embarrassment.

* * * * *

There are hundreds of Norwegian girls like these two. They grow up fighting against the forces of nature, being used to accepting responsibility themselves when occasion demands. . . .

The little barefooted peasant girl who guards the cattle on the mountains and

frightens the bear away with a stick does so because it is her duty in life. In the same way the young sports girl—and there are not many who are not—who go ski-ing for hours and hours without getting fatigued, running and jumping as well as any boy; the pilot's daughter who sails the boat home alone through the dangerous skerries when her father has boarded the ship; the young girl working for her living, free and proud—every one of them has the same spirit as she, who demanded a united kingdom—and a man so true and brave that he dared to win it—before she consented to be his queen.

The young Norwegian girl does not need to be a Guide, but she is perhaps more qualified for it than any other, Norway's wild and stern nature having made her so.

BARBRA RING.



Drawn by
W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON

"THE LITTLE BAREFOOTED PEASANT GIRL."

Palestine

By G. K. Chesterton

MEN in mediæval times said that Jerusalem was the centre of the world. And they were right, as they generally were, in the only sense that really mattered. From any point of view the place is something strange and unique, as if meant to be the meeting-place of Europe and Asia and Africa. Even apart from sacred history, history would have made it sacred. Thus, for instance, Jerusalem has been besieged so often that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that its history was one single siege. And it is really easier to give a list of the peoples who have not besieged it than to give a list of the peoples who have. I do not mean, of course, that it has actually been stormed by Esquimaux or escalated by Hottentots. But if we take the great races and civilizations that have really influenced the world, we shall find that they have been drawn to it from the ends of the earth as by a magnet; and it would take less time to name the exceptions than to name the examples. China is the only really great exception I can think of. And China is the one great exception to everything; for China is the one great civilization which the human race has managed to produce outside and beyond all the influences that have made our civilization; the only historical rival to the things that centre in Jerusalem. If the Japanese really become great in world-politics, they will probably prove it some day by besieging Jerusalem. The earliest empires, like huge elephants, Egypt, Assyria and Babylon, swayed and strove round that small place. For every successive invasion there is some sort of story, showing the strange effect it had on all who came near it. Greek culture was puzzled by it as

by no other barbarian thing. The Romans dealt with it in a strange and almost superstitious fashion, passing from exceptional tenderness to exceptional rage. They began by leaving the very eagles of their legions outside the holy places, lest they should insult Israel with idols. They ended by tearing down the whole city in fury, such a fury as hardly shook them in all the rest of their history. The Persians came out of the dark heart of Asia, at the beginning of the Dark Ages, and riding up to the shrine at Bethlehem were about to destroy it, when they looked up and saw on a Christian mosaic the tall head-dresses of Persian Magi worshipping the Holy Child. Islam arose; and an Arab army surrounded the small Christian garrison. But the priest who ruled it made the strange stipulation that he would only yield the keys if Omar the great Caliph came to receive them with his own hand. And Omar came; travelling obediently from the other end of his empire to acknowledge the mysterious supremacy of that little town. Scattered through all history there are stories of this kind, showing every possible sort of man standing there in postures of adoration or dread or defiance, but never of indifference. The mediæval maps were right; it is the heart of the world.

There is a story told of Dr. Jowett and a young prig who said to him: "Oh, I read the Bible as if it were an ordinary book." "Dear me," said Jowett reflectively, "you must find it a very extraordinary book." In the same way it may be said that if anybody could regard Jerusalem as an ordinary place, he would find it a very extraordinary place. The mere facts would drive him back on the sort of doubt which leads to faith. For Jerusalem, like many such things, is more mysterious when we regard it rationally than when we regard it mystically. The spiritual mystery is by no means the only mystery in such things. But the spiritual explanation is the only explanation. Religion is far from being the only riddle; but it is the only answer.

There could be no stronger proof of this than the present problem of Palestine; and the ancient problem of the race that is claiming Palestine. Even a man who did not believe in Jehovah would be obliged to believe in Jews. And the secular undisputed history of the Jews is, if possible, more extraordinary than their scriptural

and miraculous history. They are quite unlike anything else in the world ; and fire or manna falling visibly on them from heaven could hardly make them more unique than they are. For instance, the British Empire has rightly or wrongly made the experiment of Zionism ; that is of re-establishing for the Jews their national position in Zion. But empires seem to have been making Zionist experiments, in one form or another, from the first ages of the world. In the doubtful liberation by Pharaoh for the march to the Promised Land, there is very much the same combination of the desire to do justice to Jews with the desire to get rid of them. Then Babylon made the old Egyptian mistake and Persia tried the old Egyptian remedy. Babylon carried the Jews into exile that they might melt into other slave populations, and produce nothing except that noble psalm about the waters of Babylon ; which is the song of all exiles and therefore of all patriots. Dispersion then, as now, only made the real Jew more Jewish. So when the Persians conquered Babylon, the great Darius adopted the Balfour Declaration. He sent the Jews back to rebuild their own city ; and the story began all over again, as it is beginning all over again to-day. Every historical ruler has been a Zionist, and never more than when he has begun by being an Anti-Semite. I am not going to argue here about whether the Zionist solution is the right one ; for this is only a sketch of simple and self-evident things, and not of disputable and disputed ones. I only point out that whether it is Rameses letting the people go or Darius bringing them back, Edward the First driving them from England or Napoleon the Great planning their return to Palestine, Lord Balfour promising them a national home or Mr. Ford denouncing them as an international danger, there is always the same sort of preoccupation with the same problem, in all the princes of the world. I only say that Jews, like Jerusalem, have been attacked and admired and oppressed and persuaded, but they could never be ignored. They are like their own city that is set upon a hill and cannot be hid.

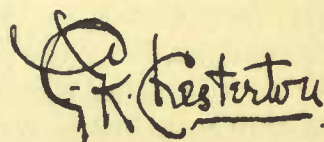
Of course this is as true of Christian as of Jewish history. When the Moslem Caliph came to receive the keys of Jerusalem, the empire of Byzantium still represented European civilization in the east. But the empire of Rome had been weakened in the west by the wars

with the barbarians, and European civilization had declined. When it revived with the rise of the Christian nations, the first sign of their new vitality and vision was a new interest in Palestine. The very first thing that the awakened West did was to wage the war we call the Crusades. The mystical magnet called Jerusalem was again drawing men from the distant extremities of Scotland and Scandinavia. Take the case of Scotland, merely as an example of a remote and rugged state, at the farthest extreme from Palestine. Yet we can hardly think of that nation in the narrowest national sense without thinking of Robert Bruce. And we can hardly think of Robert Bruce without thinking of his great lieutenant, Sir James Douglas, who accepted the commission to carry the hero's heart to Palestine. Palestine is thus woven like a purple or golden thread through all the rudest tapestries of the most northern nations. It retains exactly the same perilous appeal in the politics of to-day. In the twelfth century an English king, the great Cœur de Lion, is said to have turned his back when within sight of the city, because he could not bear to look at the gates which the fortune of war would not then allow him to enter. In the twentieth century an English general, now Lord Allenby, entered by one of those gates bare-headed and on foot in quiet proclamation that the English had taken Jerusalem. In all those intervening ages the legend of that adventure has never been lost; and Palestine is positively nearer to-day to a politician of Westminster than it was to Robert Bruce or Richard Plantagenet.

The land that has always served as so strange a lure is a very small country, mountainous towards one end where the city sits in a nest of hills, but cloven throughout most of its length with an amazingly deep trench or chasm, sunk far below the level of the sea. Through this flows the Jordan, and in this lies the lost and desolate lake of salt called the Dead Sea. The landscape around the lake can only be called leprous. It is dead-white or dreary grey, without a blade of grass and rotting into wild shapes of ruin. Yet so compact are the contrasts of this small but symbolically complete country, that only a little way along the same valley the soil and seasons are so rich that there are three harvests in the year. Every one knows that the Dead Sea is the site of the destruction of the Cities of the

Plain. And there is again a sort of allegory in the sharp contrast, and the short distance, between the dead cities in the plain and the immortal city in the mountains. In other words, one of the elements in the historical fascination of Palestine is this fact, that it contains every sort of interest in the smallest possible space. Anyone looking from the walls and towers of Jerusalem has a vision of wildernesses of terraced rock lying in strata and crumbling into an endless litter of loose stones ; he feels that such grey wastes might fade away into infinity. Yet within a short distance there are gorgeous patches like gardens of the Hesperides with golden fruit ; and there are blasted chasms like nothing outside a nightmare. And within the circle of the walled city, which is as contained as a cup and hardly larger than a hamlet, are Islam and the Roman Empire and the international nation of the Jews and the Catholic Church throughout the world.

I have tried in these few words to describe the thing as an objective fact, as it must appear even to a Chinaman or to a prehistoric man or, so to speak, to the man in the moon. I have said nothing of sacred things in their sacred aspect, or of anything which a man of our religion feels when he stands upon that soil. But taking the bare facts, in the driest and most detached fashion, about what Palestine has actually done for men and what men have actually done for Palestine, I find it impossible to imagine any other explanation of the part it has played, and is still playing, except that it was set apart in some way for a divine adventure, and was the gate by which God entered the world.



Jerusalem was the symbolic city of the Crusades. . . .

The Crusade of Guiding is out to establish in every country all that is right, and just, and true.

The conferring of knighthood and the enrolment of a Guide are alike in many ways. No knight could be received without four quarterings to his shield ; each

girl to be a Guide must first have four attendances at the company meeting, to prove her worth, and test her understanding of what she is about to become.

Invested with his spurs and robe, and his sword offered on the altar, the knight was given a slight blow on the cheek or shoulder, the last affront that he might lawfully endure. He was then solemnly received into the company of brothers in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George. Each Guide wears her uniform for the first time to be enrolled: instead of spurs, she is given a golden Tenderfoot badge, the emblem of the three promises, and the weapon put upon her is a belt, with its motto of the order, "Be Prepared." The question, "Do you know what your honour is?" asked of every new recruit, corresponds to the blow on the cheek: "a Guide's honour is to be trusted."

A knight devoted himself to certain laws—to speak the truth, maintain the right, protect the weak, to practise courtesy, and to despise the paths of ease and safety.

There are ten Guide laws, based upon honour, loyalty, service, friendliness, courtesy, love of animals, obedience, thrift, a light heart, and purity. No Guide should be content to lead a perfectly harmless, useless life, but rather she should seek out the difficulties in order that they may be overcome. . . .

Будущее Россіи

By Oleg Pantuckoff

НАРЯДУ со всѣми народами міра въ этой книгѣ будетъ звучатъ голосъ русскій.

Русскій народъ. . . . Россія. . . . Она не похожа на всѣ остальные страны. Она и раньше стояла особнякомъ отъ другихъ. Иностранцы называютъ ее « сказочной страной » (Лам-сунь).

Удивительная страна, удивительны народъ, въ которомъ такъ прихотливо-сплетаются сила и безволіе, геніальность и неграмотность, храбрость и покорность, широта духовная рядомъ съ безтолковостью.

Не легко понять русскій народъ, но намъ русскимъ можно и должно вѣрить въ свой народъ.

Не легко найти дорогу въ лабиринтъ современнаго русскаго хаоса. Дорогу могутъ указать лишь опытные проводники, опытные указательницы пути и при томъ русскія указательницы (то есть русскія герль гайды).

Будущее Россіи въ рукахъ молодого поколѣнія.

Русскія женщины многое уже сдѣлали въ прошломъ, онѣ сдѣлаютъ еще большее въ будущемъ.

Въ нашей Русской Исторіи бросается въ глаза лишь нѣсколько великихъ русскихъ женщинъ, но сколько еще было великихъ своимъ духомъ, по женскому, по русскому скромныхъ, стоявшихъ въ тѣни, но ставшихъ свѣтильниками, маяками освѣщавшими путь остальнымъ.

Намъ особенно хотѣлось бы пролить свѣтъ духовный, свѣтъ правды и добра въ темноту русской деревни.

Русская деревня не знаетъ Куппера, Майнъ Рида и ей чужды приключенія краснокожихъ индѣйцевъ. Самыя занимательныя и удивительныя приключенія изъ жизни дальняго запада не очень много говорятъ русской, особенно крестьянской душѣ. Русской душѣ ближе подвиги родныхъ героевъ, подвижниковъ, сильныхъ тѣломъ и духомъ русскихъ людей, передавшихъ своимъ потомкамъ свои таланты (увы, перѣдко «зарытые,» не получающіе развитія).

Теперь особенно необходимо разбудить эти дарованія Божіи. Теперь время

раздуть, разжечь священные огоньки, которые всегда готовы запылать лучистыми кострами (костры герль гайдъ), согрѣть ближнихъ и освѣтить окружающую тьму.

Трудныя времена переживаетъ Россія, но мы вѣримъ—кто пройдетъ черезъ горнило испытаній и не потеряетъ, не затушитъ свѣтлаго огонька въ душѣ своей (свѣтильники бодрствующихъ дѣвъ), тотъ будетъ цѣненъ какъ гражданинъ Россіи.

Я вспоминаю трогательную заботу о маленькихъ дѣтяхъ многихъ изъ нашихъ русскихъ герль гайдъ, ихъ работу въ дѣтскихъ садахъ, въ ясляхъ, въ пріютахъ. Ихъ умѣніе ухаживать за малютками, умытъ, накормить, занять ихъ, играть и бесѣдовать съ ними. Малыши обожали своихъ старшихъ сестеръ герль гайдъ. Благія послѣдствія этой работы сказывались немедленно и не трудно было превидѣть какіе поразительные результаты были бы если бы такая работа шла по всей Россіи.

Всѣхъ знакомыхъ со статистикой Россіи поражаетъ огромное количество дѣтской смертности (особенно теперь).

Какое великое дѣло было бы для нашихъ гайдъ помочь уменьшить этотъ ужасающій процентъ малютокъ, гибнувшихъ отъ недостатка питанія, недостатка присмотра.

Дѣти отзывчивѣе взрослыхъ. Ихъ сильнѣе трогаютъ несчастья ближнихъ. Дѣтское сердце ищетъ подвига—какой просторъ открывается для ихъ дѣятельности не только въ Россіи но и среди русскихъ бѣженцевъ за границей.

Геніальная мысль сэра Р. Баденъ Поуэля и вся его геніальная система дѣтской организаціи герль гайдъ и бойскаутовъ улучшить и оздоровить нашъ дряхлый міръ—она возродитъ со временемъ и нашу несчастную, голодающую, больную Родину—мы вѣримъ въ это и смѣло смотримъ впередъ.

Oleg Pantuckoff.

TRANSLATION

The Future of Russia

The voice of Russia shall re-echo in this book in accord with all nations of the world. Russia is the Russian people. It is unlike all other countries. Even

from the earliest times it stood apart from the rest. Foreigners call it "the land of story" (Lampson). A wonderful country, a wonderful people, in which are mingled capriciously strength and weakness, brilliance and illiteracy, courage and humility, breadth of intellect side by side with lack of understanding.

It is not easy to understand the Russian people, but for us Russians it is possible, nay, necessary to believe in them. It is not easy to find a path through the labyrinth of contemporary Russian chaos. Only experienced leaders can point it out, only experienced "guides," and above all, Russian Girl Guides.

The future of Russia is in the hands of the younger generation. Russian women have accomplished much in the past; they will accomplish still more in the future. In our history only a few great women stand out from the rest, but how many more have been great in their own souls, modest as women, as Russians; standing in the shadow; but as lamps, as lighthouses lighting the path of the next.

Above all, we should like to diffuse the spiritual light of truth and righteousness in the darkness of the Russian village. Cooper and Mayne Reid are unknown to it, and the adventures of red-skinned Indians equally strange. Exciting and marvellous adventures of far-western life do not appeal to the mind of the Russian peasant. More to their mind are the deeds of national heroes, fighters, strong in body and soul, Russians, who have transmitted their talents to their descendants (talents, alas! not infrequently "buried" before the development has begun).

Now especially is the time to revive these gifts of Heaven. Now is the time to blow and fan these sacred sparks into flaming brands—"guiding" brands, to warm those at hand, and to shed light in the surrounding darkness. Russia is passing through difficult times at present, but we believe that whoso passes through the furnace of trial without losing or extinguishing this spark of light in his soul (the lamp of the maidens who keep watch)—will become strong in spirit and great in service as a citizen.

The care for small children shown by many of our Russian Guides has been touching; their work in crèches and asylums; their knowledge of how to wait on little children; how to wash them, feed them, amuse them; how to play and converse with them. And the youngsters worshipped their "elder sisters." The good consequences have not been slow in appearing, and it is not difficult to predict what striking results would ensue if such work could be extended over the whole of Russia.

Every one who knows anything of Russian statistics is struck by the enormously high rate of infant mortality (especially at the present time). What a tremendous ideal for our Girl Guides, to help to diminish the appalling percentage of tiny children who perish from lack of nourishment and lack of care! Children are more responsive than grown-up people. They are more deeply touched by the misfortunes of those near to them. The childish heart is always looking out for an opportunity to help.—What a vast area for their activity is opened, not only in Russia, but also among our poverty-stricken people abroad!

The genius of Sir Robert Baden-Powell is giving new life and health to this tumble-down world of ours—in time it will give new birth also to our unhappy, starving, down-trodden Fatherland. This is a firm belief, and we can look ahead with confidence.

OLEG PANTUCKOFF.

Tradition och några framtidsmål

By Cecilia Milow

NÄR sena tiders kvinnor i Sverige tala om Sveriges historia då låta de de stora minnenas kvinnor träda fram för sin syn, sig själva till uppmuntran att vandra i deras fotspår. Den tidens kvinnor fostrade ett släkte, som tog sparsamheten som vardagsplikt, enkelheten som vardagskost, nöjen och bekvämlighet som sällspord helgdagskost. Vilka förnäma kvinnonamn möta oss ej, när vi bläddra igenom historiens blad. Den modiga *Kristina Gyllenstjerna*, som försvarade Stockholms slott mot dansken; *Margareta Lejonhufvud*, som klok och rådig samarbetade med sin store rikshushållare och make Gustaf Wasa, *Ebba Brahe*, fältherren de la Gardies maka, hon som under den store krigarens bortovaro skötte tio gårdar i Sverige och två i Finland som en hel karl. Och hennes begåvade dotter den sköna *Maria Sofia de la Gardie*, "industriens moder" som hon kallades emedan hon på sina gods anlade spinnerier, väverier, sågverk och kvarnar, messingsbruk, pappersbruk m.m. På den tiden talades stolta ord om Sveriges adelskvinnor, "kulturkvinnorna." De förtjänade att kallas så.

Och de många som sutto landet runt i enkla hantverkarhem och stugor, nog kunde de tåligt vänta, lida och försaka, arbeta och offra sig för land och rike, när slottsfrun utan att blinka eller blekna gav dem det ädlaste föredöme.

Svensk kvinnogärning i senare tider vittnar om, att *Fredrika Bremer* är något mer än ett vackert nu förbleknat minne. *Selma*

Lagerlöfs etiska livsuppfattning har gjort starkt intryck på skaror av ungdom och Elsa Brändströms storartade, modiga och uppoffrande arbete för krigsfångarna i Sibirien har väckt en beundran och entusiasm, som bådar gott för flickscoutrörelsen i Sverige.

Men ingen rörelse i vårt land har mottagits inom hem och skola av så skilda känslor, känslor svängande emellan överdrivna förhoppningar och överdriven oro, stort förtroende och ännu större misstro. Delvis kan det ju bero på ledarne. I orätta händer spårar denna rörelse så lätt ur och det är då misstron slår rot i hem och skolor och förkväver rörelsens utveckling.

Scoutrörelsen är ej en uteslutande idrotts och förströelserörelse. Vore den det behövde vi den ej i Sverige där idrotten, gymnastiken och skytterörelsen redan har sina starka organisationer och vad gymnastiken beträffar är obligatorisk i alla skolor. Nej, scoutrörelsen vill först och sist uppfostra vår ungdom till gudsfruktan, fosterlands-kärlek, vördnad för lag och rätt. Den vill fostra till hemkärlek, till sund fredskärlek, till självverksamhet och självdisciplin, arbetsplikt och arbetsglädje. Den vill uppfostra till medkänsla för allt orätt färdigt lidande i världen, och till allvarlig håg att hjälpa nöden och lindra sorgen, varhelst den möter.

Nationens inre sedliga kraft, dess moraliska hälsa är ett kvinnornas verk försåvitt det är en sanning att moderns inflytande över barnet, hustruns över mannen, matmoderns över tjänarna väger tungt när det gäller gott eller ont i samhället. Historien lär oss det, rikens fall och rikens upprättelse lär oss det, erfarenheterna från de rikas och fattigas hem lär oss det. Kunna vi stärka flickans karaktär, tidigt göra henne medveten om sin uppgift och sitt stora ansvar inför historien, då ha vi uppfyllt en plikt emot henne och oss själva. Kunna vi lära henne att hennes kallelse är något större och förmer än endast den att vara självförsörjande eller själviskt upptagen av egna nöjen och förströelser då ha vi också lärt henne det, som åsyftas med flickornas scoutrörelse.

Cecilia Nilow

TRANSLATION

Tradition—and Some Future Aims

When we Swedish women of to-day, in thought and speech, recapitulate the history of our country, we call to mind the notable women of fair and noble fame, whose bright example makes us long to follow in their footsteps.

Those great women of yore reared a hardy race of sons and daughters who knew nought of self-indulgence, for their daily duties spelt economy; their daily bread frugality, pleasure and comfort rare holiday recreation.

How straight and true, how strong and dignified are the ancestral dames we meet in the pages of history.

Kristina Gyllenstjerna from the battlements of the ancient royal castle of Stockholm heroically defending the city against the assault of the Danes.

Margaretha Lejonhufvud, the wise practical helpmate of the great king Gustaf Wasa, rebuilder of a nation on the verge of ruin.

Ebba Brahe, wife of field-marshal De la Gardie, during the long absence of her warrior husband ruling over and most capably managing ten estates in Sweden and two in Finland.

Her fair and gifted daughter, Maria Sofia De la Gardie, named "the mother of Swedish industries," a title justly earned—for on her various estates she founded spinnery-mills, cloth-factories, saw-mills, paper-mills, brass-forges, etc. No wonder these noble ladies were looked up to with reverence and spoken of with pride as "Bearers of Culture."

And the many all over the land—mothers, wives and daughters—in humble workmen's homes and poor cottages—should they not show themselves strong enough patiently to live through long years of waiting for absent husbands and sons fighting for their country—should not they also bravely bear poverty, anxiety and pain, in so doing, laying their sacrifice on the altar of their country, when the lady of the castle unflinchingly without a murmur set them so bright an example.

So centuries go by, until in our own time, the life-work of our Swedish women bears witness that our pioneer of women's rights, Fredrika Bremer, has not become merely a name and a memory.

Selma Lagerlöf, by the moral tone and high ethical standard of her authorship, undoubtedly has exerted a great and wholesome influence upon the growing generation, and brave Elsa Brändström's singularly splendid self-sacrificing labour of mercy, amongst the war prisoners of Siberia, could not fail to kindle a spirit of enthusiasm and emulation, which most surely will prove an inspiration to our Girl Guides.

However—seldom has any new movement in our country met with so mixed a reception varying between exaggerated fears and forebodings, and equally exaggerated high-strung expectations; on the one hand, very great confidence—on the other still greater mistrust, a fact which may perhaps partly be due to the leaders. If not in

capable hands the movement may be easily run into the wrong groove with disastrous results to its future.

The Girl Guide movement is not intended simply to encourage sports, outdoor recreations, etc. If such were the case, we should not have any use for it in Sweden where sport, gymnastics and the rifle-brigade have already reached so high a standard. Gymnastics, for instance, are compulsory in every school all over the country.

On the contrary, it is to teach our girls to fear God, to love their country, and to honour and obey its laws and institutions. It aims at teaching love of home, of a just peace, of independence, of self-discipline and joy of work. It teaches sympathy and pity for all suffering, and an earnest desire to help and comfort wherever and whenever needed.

If a nation be sound at the core, inwardly clean, outwardly strong, it is greatly due to its women, if indeed there be any truth in the assertion that the influence of mothers over sons, of wives over husbands, of mistress over servant, also has a wide-spread and potent effect upon society as a whole. History proves the fact, the decline and rise of nations prove it, homes of rich and poor alike prove it. Therefore when we do all in our power to instil in our girls a right conception of their part in the world's work and of their vital responsibility towards future generations, we will have done our duty to them and to ourselves. If we succeed in convincing them, that a woman has higher and wider duties than merely earning her livelihood, and certainly far more than spending all her time in self-indulgence and pleasure-seeking, then we have also succeeded in teaching them the aim and purpose of the Guides.

CECILIA MILOW.

L'Éducation Maternelle

By Adolphe Ferrière

LE 1^{er} août 1922, la Suisse fêtait le six cent trente et unième anniversaire de sa fondation et les drapeaux flottaient sous le soleil éclatant. Ce même jour, les éducateurs éminents de toutes les parties de la terre : Amérique du Nord et du Sud, Australie, Asie, Afrique et Europe, étaient réunis dans l'Aula de l'antique université de Genève, fondée par Calvin. Ils s'accordaient à vouloir que l'éducation de la jeunesse fût mise au service d'un idéal de vie noble et généreux. Il y avait là Sir Robert Baden-Powell, le grand chef Scout du monde entier ; il y avait M. Henry Noble MacCracken, le fondateur de la *Junior Red Cross* américaine, dont on sait le rôle magnifique d'entr'aide interhumaine durant la guerre et après la guerre ; il y avait Miss Eglantyne Jebb, la fondatrice et secrétaire générale du *Save the Children Fund* ; il y avait Miss Balch, secrétaire générale de la Ligue de femmes pour la paix et la liberté ; bien d'autres belles et grandes personnalités dévouées au bien et à la justice.

Et lorsque l'auteur de ces lignes, en sa qualité de Président de ce Troisième Congrès international d'Éducation morale, prononça le discours de clôture, ce fut une joie pour lui de constater l'unanimité avec laquelle ces éducateurs avaient exprimé l'idée que rien ne s'apprend par le seul cerveau, mais que la formule de tout apprentissage de la vie doit être : "*learning by doing*." Science sans conscience n'est que ruine de l'âme, a dit Rabelais. Éducation sans action, dirons-nous après lui, n'est qu'illusion. Et le Président du Congrès, qui fonda, en 1899, et dirige depuis lors le "Bureau International des Écoles Nouvelles," rappela que ces écoles expérimentales avaient, elles aussi,

toujours uni la théorie et la pratique, la théorie naissant de la pratique du passé et venant éclairer et illuminer la route de l'avenir.

Or, à ce même Congrès, une femme de grand cœur, Bernoise par sa naissance et Polonaise par son mariage. Mme E. Pieczynska, avait adressé un message qui fit sensation.

La femme, dit-elle en substance, n'a pas de plus grand et de plus beau rôle que celui de mère. Elle est la génératrice de l'humanité future. Même si elle ne se marie pas, ses qualités féminines peuvent et doivent servir, d'une façon ou d'une autre, à l'éducation de la jeunesse ou à la culture spirituelle de sa nation et de l'humanité.

Et, en un raccourci saisissant, elle montra les trois grandes étapes de cette formation maternelle :

- 1.—la culture ménagère,
- 2.—la puériculture,
- 3.—la mission éducatrice de la mère.

Partout dans le monde, on tend à réaliser cette puériculture. Mais ceux qui y songent sérieusement sont encore peu nombreux. De là à la rendre accessible à toute la jeunesse féminine et obligatoire dans toutes les écoles d'un pays, il y a loin. Le progrès peut être long. Il peut aussi être plus court que nous ne le pensons, si toute la jeunesse se lève pour en revendiquer la réalisation.

* * * * *

En Suisse, le mouvement est en marche. Les conséquences peuvent en être si merveilleuses que tous les hommes et toutes les femmes de cœur voudraient, dans leur impatience, hâter le progrès, convaincre les masses, susciter un appel immense de l'opinion publique et entraîner ainsi les Gouvernements aux réalisations, éblouissantes de promesses.

Dans son livre, *The Science of Power*, Benjamin Kidd rêve de transformer l'humanité en une seule génération.

Sans aller si loin, il est permis de paraphraser le mot d'Archimède : "Donnez-moi un levier et je soulève le monde," et de dire avec Kant : "Donnez-moi la jeunesse et je transformerai l'humanité."

Qui a la jeunesse a l'avenir, dit-on. A cette formule, je préfère celle-ci : "L'idéal des jeunes d'aujourd'hui doit devenir la réalité

de demain." Mais pour cela, il faut pouvoir, savoir et vouloir le réaliser.

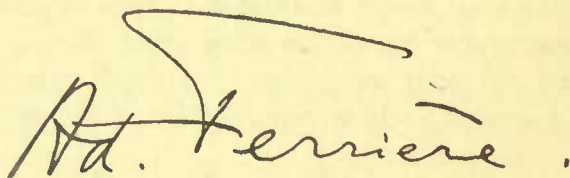
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Il y a une éducation ancienne et une éducation nouvelle. Dans l'éducation ancienne, l'adulte donnait à l'enfant, du dehors au dedans, des connaissances toutes faites et des règles de vie imposées.

Pour l'éducation nouvelle, l'enfant doit trouver ses connaissances et se faire ses règles de vie par lui-même, du dedans au dehors, comme la plante qui puise sa nourriture dans le sol, dans l'air et dans la lumière.

* * * * *

L'appétit de pouvoir, de savoir et de vouloir davantage, le désir de se dévouer à une grande cause humaine existent chez tout enfant sain. C'est cet élan vital, spirituel, qu'il faut nourrir. La force créatrice orientée vers l'idéal, voilà l'essentiel. Tout le reste est donné par surcroît.



TRANSLATION

The Education of the Mother Instinct

On the 1st of August, 1922, Switzerland celebrated the 631st anniversary of her foundation, and the flags floated under a brilliant sun. The same day there was a meeting in the Aula of the ancient University of Geneva, founded by Calvin, of eminent educationists from all parts of the world, from North and South America, Australia, Asia, Africa and Europe.

They agreed in wishing to educate youth to the service of a noble and generous ideal of life.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Chief Scout of the whole world, was there ; Mr. Henry Noble MacCracken was there, founder of the American Junior Red Cross, known for its humane interchange of help during and after the war ; Miss Eglantyne Jebb

was there, founder and general secretary of Save the Children Fund ; there was Miss Balch, general secretary of the League of Women for Peace and Liberty ; and many other great personalities devoting themselves to the cause of right and justice.

And when the author of these lines, in his capacity of President of the Third International Congress of Moral Education, delivered the closing speech, it was a joy for him to be able to state the unanimity with which these educationists had expressed the opinion that nothing could be learnt by the brain alone, but that all the lessons of life must be learnt by experience : " learning by doing."

" Science without conscience is only ruin of the soul," said Rabelais. Education without action, we may say after him, is only an illusion. And the President of the Congress which founded in 1899 and has since directed the International Bureau of New Schools, remembered that these schools had also always united theory and practice, the theory born out of the practice of the past, and coming to clear and to illumine the path of the future.

Then at this same Congress a woman of large heart, Swiss by birth and Polish by marriage, Madame E. Pieczynska, delivered a sensational message. " Woman," she said in substance, " has no greater or more beautiful rôle than that of a mother. She is the means of continuing the humanity of the future. Even if she does not marry, her feminine qualities can and ought to serve, in one way or another, towards the education of youth, or towards the moral culture of her race and humanity." And in arresting words she showed the three stages of this maternal formation : (1) The science of home keeping ; (2) The care of children ; (3) The mother's mission of education.

There is a tendency throughout the world to realize the necessity for child welfare. But those who are seriously thinking of it are still few in number. We are far from getting access to it for girlhood as a whole and enforcing it in the national schools. Progress will perhaps be slow. It may also be more sudden than we think, if youth itself arises to demand the realization.

In Switzerland, the movement is on the march. Its consequences should be so great that all men and women of heart must seek impatiently to hasten progress, to convince the masses, to raise up an immense appeal from public opinion, and to bring realizations to the governments, dazzling in promise.

In his book " The Science of Power," Benjamin Kidd dreams of transforming humanity in a single generation. Without going so far, one could yet paraphrase the words of Archimedes : " Give me a lever and I will raise up the whole world," and say with Kant : " Give me youth and I will transform humanity."

It is said that the future is owned by youth. I prefer the following formula : " The ideal of youth to-day ought to become the reality of to-morrow." But for that is required the will, the knowledge and the desire for realization.

There is the old education and the new education. In the old education adult knowledge already made and superimposed rules of life are given to the child from without to within.

In the new education, the child must seek out knowledge for itself and make its own rules of life, from within to without, like a plant which takes its nourishment from the soil, from the air and from the light.

The greater appetite for knowledge, ability and longing, the desire for devotion to a great and human cause exists in every healthy child. It is the vital spiritual spark which must be fed. The force of creation set towards an ideal, that is the essential. All the rest will be increased unto it.

ADOLPHE FERRIÈRE.

Where the Future Lies

By Owen Wister

ONCE in America thirteen states found themselves independent of their Mother Country, Great Britain, and also independent of each other. Their common wish to free themselves had united them, their success in this left them not only separate, but also at odds with each other ; they were at that moment the Dis-United States. It was an awkward situation. To some their union seemed impossible ; too many conflicting interests stood in the way ; and yet, after many months of difficulty, the impossible prevailed, and the United States of America became a nation. To-day there are forty-eight instead of thirteen United States, and the rest of the world has heard of them, not altogether unfavourably. Whatever their shortcomings, their mere existence and persistence point the way to what a great British poet has called the Federation of Mankind. They had trouble once, they were near to breaking asunder, but they overcame it ; with all their dissensions they still get on together so much better than they would get on separately that they readily suffer some inconveniences of union because these are outweighed by the benefits of union.

Poets, dreamers, what are sometimes termed fools, often foresee what must come to pass, when politicians know too much to foresee anything. In the end these politicians by their practical intelligence carry into detailed reality what had been first merely the poet's vision.

The obstacles to any sort of Federation of mankind seem to-day as insurmountable as the Union of the thirteen states once did. As soon as enough people in the world grow to think well of the idea, and to desire it as much as the champions of the American Union once desired that, the politicians will find the way. But others must lead

the way. It will be long ; those who are now old will not see the goal grow near, but the hosts of those whose eyes are straining to see this goal will increase. Build your hope solidly on patience and good sense, letting good-will shine upon these more earthly but needful things.

The " Junior League of Nations " is composed of those boys and girls everywhere who are bound by the same promises and held by the same laws. It is a league based upon a spirit of service—service to individuals, service to your country, service, if possible, to all countries. Therefore, let the Junior League of Nations help the idea of the Federation of Mankind, even if its accomplishment takes a century before reconciling the conflicting interests, the difference in race and civilization, and the separate individualities and needs of nations with a union that shall benefit all without vitally harming any. One hundred years ago such an idea as Boy Scouts and Girl Guides was not present in the world. It is present to-day, a happy sign of some sort of moral progress. That this progress has always been and must always be very slow, is a matter neither for impatience nor discouragement. Strive for the goal unceasingly.

Why ? Because this planet is our only boat, and we are all in it.

Owen Wister

A Friend to Animals

By Gerald H. Thayer

WHY study birds and animals? Not, first of all, because they are useful to mankind. Not, first of all, because they are pleasing to mankind. But, first of all, because they are our fellow-beings, sharers with us in the great miracle and mystery of terrestrial life and death. Fellow-beings, co-inhabitants of the planet, but with diverse destinies, and with their own divine, inalienable rights, which we, with our titanicly developed powers of material control, are apt disastrously to overlook and override.

Because Coleridge, one of the greatest of Nature poets, uttered more than an apt phrase and a poetical felicity when he wrote :

“ . . . He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small ;
For the dear God Who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

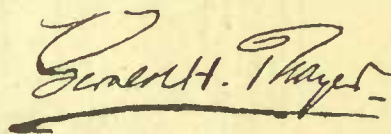
Man's conquest of material power imposes on him a most solemn duty to respect, in so far as it may be possible, *for their own sakes*, the lives and destinies of those comparatively powerless fellow-inhabitants of earth. For the successful carrying out of this duty, nothing is more necessary than the fullest possible understanding of these other beings, their ways and means of life, their tribes and kinds, their relationships one to another.

Bird study, tree study, flower study—all such are but fragmentary phases of *cosmos* study, or, nature study in the fullest meaning of the words. For Nature is *not* a thing extraneous. Man, after all, does

not move, an absolute king, a separate, all-powerful, unrelated creature, amid a subservient environment, which he can patronizingly or affectionately dismiss as "Nature." We are all part and parcel of a mysterious and glorious and terrible Creation.

Here, upon this earth our home, what would be seen by an impartial observer new-come from another planet? Cities, forests, bee-swarms, ant-hills, birds'-nests, beast herds; tall chimneys belching smoke, electric power-lines over hill and dale, steamships, flights of seagulls, darting fishes, little gnats dancing in the sunlight—all the manifold diverse doings of the various living beings of this planet, new and strange to him. He would *not* see—and justly would not—all those other sorts of lives as adjunct and tributary to that of man. He would regard them, as we also ought to regard them, as magical and mysterious beings; lesser than man in constructive and destructive might, yet wonderful beyond imagination.

And he would come to see, as he observed more closely—as we ourselves ought long since to have seen—that man's increasing power of control over that shared home, the earth, brings with it a profound, incalculable responsibility towards those other lives.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "General H. H. Hays". The signature is written in a cursive style with a prominent flourish at the end.



Drawn by
W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON

"WHAT WOULD BE SEEN BY AN IMPARTIAL
OBSERVER NEW-COME FROM ANOTHER PLANET!"

EVERY CHILD
comes with the
message that
GOD is not yet
discouraged with man.

Rabindranath
Tagore .

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